Bruce

MAN AS HE IS.

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A

NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HERMSPRONG.

Voluptates, blandiſſimæ dominæ, majores partes animi à virtute detorquent.

SECOND EDITION.

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MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. I.

WHEN a young man is a little elevated with wine, he thinks the faſter for it; though what the mind gains in velocity, it loſes, perhaps, in preciſion. During Sir George's walk, it was all Mowbray and matrimony, Lambington and convenience, Lindſay and admonition, love and Miſs Colerain; ſo that my fair readers will not be ſurpriſed, if, when he arrived in the lady's preſence, he ſhould be a little inexplicable. Miſs Cole-

rain, notwithſtanding the animating doſe given her in the morning by Mr. Holford, was in low ſpirits, and more than uſually penſive. In order to enliven her, Sir George told the little hiſtory of Mr. Mowbray—with his own comments; and theſe comments ſurpriſed Miſs Colerain.

In all former viſits, Sir George had been attentive to propriety, and even to delicacy; nor had he ever hazarded a random expreſſion, which could induce Miſs Colerain to imagine he had the leaſt tincture of libertiniſm. This evening, but without the leaſt deſign of offending, or indeed, any deſign—he had more liberal notions, and aſſumed a correſponding freedom, and liberality of expreſſion; ſtill there was not any thing to ground offence upon, yet ſufficient to alarm ſo apprehenſive a delicacy as Miſs Colerain's. For the firſt time, this lady felt pleaſure on Sir George's taking his leave.

She ſat down then to renew the conſiderations of the day, with this addition. Sir George had been elevated this evening, and more

more than commonly eloquent; in ſuch a ſituation, it was more than probable, that what his heart had preconceived, his tongue would have uttered. But it appeared, from the whole of his diſcourſe, or rather rattle, that evening, that he had no views; although, for the delicate and prudential reaſons before given, ſhe had decided, that had Sir George views of the moſt honourable kind, ſhe ought to reject them; yet I ſuppoſe there might lurk about her heart a ſecret wiſh, that ſhe might have an opportunity at leaſt to ſhew her diſintereſtedneſs and integrity by the rejection. This wiſh ſhe could not any longer indulge, nor could ſhe conceal from herſelf, that Sir George's behaviour this evening, had not weakened the reaſonings by which ſhe had that day *almoſt* convinced Miſs Carlill, that her ſtay at his houſe was equally imprudent and improper; nor that ſhe ought to delay a day the execution of the plan ſhe had formed by the help of that valuable friend.

She immediately ſummoned her faithful Suſanna, and communicated her reſolution

to leave Combor on the morrow. Suſanna appeared ſurpriſed. "What aſtoniſhes you," Miſs Colerain aſked; "has it not been long agreed on?"

"Yes, ma'am," anſwered Suſanna; "only the ſuddenneſs, as one may ſay." Miſs Colerain burſt into tears.

"Well, my dear miſtreſs," ſaid Suſanna, "if it muſt be, it muſt. As to my ſiſter, ſhe's ſettled by this time, I warrant; and we ſhall do well enough, if you won't let yourſelf be caſt down. After all, what does it ſignify?—I'm not a bit afraid of living; and if I can live with you, I'm ſure I ſhall be happy. If a body can but be content, there's not ſo much difference between white bread and brown; a ſtuff gown keeps one as warm in winter as a ſilk; and what are coaches good for, but to ſpoil one's legs."

"My dear, my affectionate Suſanna," ſaid her weeping miſtreſs, "you are the comfort of my life."

"God for ever bleſs you, Madam; you are the pride of mine," replied Suſanna.—"You

"You muſt no longer think of me as your miſtreſs," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "you muſt treat me as your equal and your friend."

"Dear Madam," replied Suſanna, "one learns impertinence faſt enough, but I hope I ſhall never learn that. Pray, Ma'am, may I take the liberty to aſk one queſtion? Does Sir George Paradyne know of your going to-morrow?"

"No, Suſanna," replied Miſs Colerain.

"He'll be mortally ſurpriſed," ſays Suſanna.

"Why ſo? aſked her miſtreſs.

"Nay, I don't know," anſwered Suſanna, "but I think ſo. To my mind, if ever any gentleman was in love, it is he."

Miſs Colerain had the curioſity (what elſe could it be)? to wiſh to know upon what circumſtances ſo ſtrange an opinion could be founded. It was founded principally upon Sir George's generoſity to Suſanna; and I believe moſt ladies women think love cannot be better demonſtrated. Nor does it appear upon this occaſion, that Miſs Colerain fell into

the uſual cuſtom of maſters and miſtreſſes, who make it a rule to deſpiſe a ſervant's opinion;—nay, their own, when it happens to have been contaminated by vulgar mouths.

Fidel, the black, entered to lay the cloth, and never was cloth ſo laid. The ſight of his miſtreſs weeping, ſuſpended his faculties, and made him commit a blunder in every motion.

"How I ſhall ever reward you, Fidel," ſaid his miſtreſs, "for all your attention to me, in the midſt of misfortune, I know not."

"Indeed, Madam," anſwered the black, "it is poor reward to ſee you miſerable, for all my prayers to the good God to make you happy."

"Generous Fidel," ſaid his miſtreſs, "why has fortune denied me the power to retain you with me and repay your generoſity? I leave Combor to-morrow, and muſt get you to procure a chaiſe for nine in the morning."

"Are you going then, Madam, for ever?" aſked the black;—"and may I not have leave to attend you—work for you—die for you."

"Wherever

"Wherever I go," ſaid his miſtreſs, "I muſt wiſh to be unknown. Your being with me will ſuit neither that intention, nor my fortune, nor any thing but my inclination. But poor Fidel, what will you do?"

"Oh! Madam," anſwered the ſobbing black, "if happineſs could be got as eaſily as bread, I ſhould do well enough; but Madam—Miſs Colerain, am I never to ſee you again?"

"You may hear of me by means of Miſs Carlill," anſwered his miſtreſs, "if you are in a ſituation which enables you to inquire; and here, Fidel, here are ten guineas, I can ſpare you that—a poor reward—."

Fidel vaniſhed in an inſtant, and returned almoſt immediately with two purſes in his hand, and the tears running plentifully down his cheeks.

"In this purſe," ſaid he, "is my wages, Madam, and your bounty; in this, Sir George Paradyne's. I did take his money wid more pleaſure dan I did take money before ever; for I did think he was going to

make himſelf de happieſt man in de world, and me too. Pray forgive me dis impertinence, Matam, and if you would borrow one or both theſe purſes, I ſhould be more happier to part with you."

"No," anſwered Miſs Colerain, "no, Fidel; if I cannot add to your little fortune, ſure I will not diminiſh it." So ended the conteſt.

The evening was ſpent in packing up; and at nine the next day, a chaiſe rolled Miſs Colerain and Suſan away, upon the road to Bath.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

AT that hour, Sir George was amuſing himſelf with the recollection of his own levity the preceding evening, and his candour obliged him to condemn it. It was not that his behaviour had been alarming to modeſty; of this Sir George was incapable. But there was ſomething in it improper and unſuitable to Miſs Colerain, whoſe delicacy of ſituation demanded the utmoſt attention to politeneſs and decorum. He remembered that once or twice ſhe had ſeemed to ſhew ſymptoms of diſlike.

He roſe not much pleaſed with himſelf, and went down to breakfaſt; Mr. Lindſay was preparing for departure, and aſked Sir George whether he propoſed it this morning or afternoon. The queſtion came upon him mal-apropos, and he had the weakneſs to anſwer with ſome little acerbity; for when a man is out of humour with himſelf, he is ſeldom much in with others; and the only good reaſon I have ever heard for indulging, *at the heart*, the little vanities, is, that they ſerved to keep one in good humour. I only wonder that man, the being of reaſon, endowed with an immortal ſoul, would not chuſe rather to contemplate for this purpoſe, ſome of the many celeſtial attributes with which he has been complimented by the liberality of divines, or the works of nature, rather than of taylors. In Turkey, where the ladies have no ſouls, I excuſe them with all my heart.

Mr. Lindſay ſaid, gravely, "if you have any reaſon, Sir George, for changing your mind, it is not for me to oppoſe it; only as I cannot aſſiſt you in the ſtudies or purſuits which

which detain you, I beg permiſſion to return to town."

Amongſt the individuals who form the total of mankind, ſome few there are who have acquired a facility of being blind and deaf, when the objects to be ſeen and heard are their own faults or follies, and a commodious facility it is. Sir George had not yet learned it. He bluſhed like a rural nymph; then taking Mr. Lindſay's hand, he preſſed it, would have aſked forgiveneſs, but not at the inſtant being able to ſpeak diſtinctly, half a tear ſtarted, and he ſat down in ſilence. A minute after, Mr. Fidel entered, and preſented him with a letter.

In the face of the poor black, ſorrow was legibly wrote. Sir George ſaw it; and fearing, he knew not what, aſked "if Miſs Colerain was well?"—"I not know that, Sir, ſhe left Combor this morning."—"Gone!—Miſs Colerain gone!" ſaid Sir George, with quickneſs; "has any thing particular happened?"

"Not that I do know," replied the ſervant, and retired.

A ſecret conſciouſneſs ſtruck Sir George; a confuſed idea that his vivacity laſt night might have beeen greater than he remembered, and perhaps the cauſe of Miſs Colerain's ſudden departure. At length Sir George ventured to break the ſeal, and read the following:

"An occurrence of yeſterday obliges me, ſooner than I otherwiſe ſhould have choſe, to haſten into that ſituation where I hope to paſs my life in ſatisfied and obſcure induſtry. I have to return my very grateful thanks to Sir George Paradyne, for his kind attention to my accommodation. I flatter myſelf, pure compaſſion for the unfortunate was his ſole motive, and that thoſe who judge otherwiſe, injure him as much as myſelf. Perhaps I ſhould have gone away with the happy aſſurance it was ſo, had I perfectly underſtood Sir George laſt night. Fidel, my late ſervant, is deſired to preſent you with this, and to take your orders concerning the houſe. I am unhappy

happy not to have it in my power to reward ſo great attachment as this faithful creature has always ſhewn for my father and myſelf. Once more I thank you, Sir George, and wiſh you all the rewards of virtue.

"CORNELIA COLERAIN."

It is one thing to read, it is another to comprehend. All the mental powers Sir George poſſeſſed, at preſent ſcarce ſufficed for the firſt; for the laſt, they were wholly incompetent. He retired to his apartment; he wondered at his own turbulent feelings; he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf, that except, ſo far as humanity was concerned, Miſs Colerain was nothing to him; that ſhe purſued her own predetermined mode of acting, independent of him; or if the very little he had ſaid without intention, had alarmed Miſs Colerain, ſhe was moſt ſuperlatively delicate, perhaps capricious. In his opinion, this lady had by no means treated him ſo kindly as his benevolence,

benevolence, nor ſo politely as his rank and fortune deſerved. On more mature conſideration, it was clear he was the offended perſon, and that it became a man of his conſequence, to conſign her remembrance to oblivion.

But all things change in this world, and above all things, man. This train of angry ideas was diſſipated by a phantom, in the form of a female; appearing in attitudes that give a grace to beauty, in employments that render beauty more pleaſing. From its lips ſeemed to iſſue the moſt delightful ſounds;—on its left cheek was a dimple, that gave additional beauty to a ſmile. Thus alternately, pride gained the aſcendant over love, and Miſs Colerain over Sir George Paradyne.—From one or two obſcure hints in Miſs Colerain's note, it appeared to Sir George that his gaiety had given her ſuſpicion. He wiſhed to know the truth, and in order to extract it from Miſs Carlill, reſolved, if ſhe hinted at accuſation, to ſeem for a time, rather to juſtify than deny it.

He

He found this young lady with eyes yet red, and with a face that did not wear the expreſſive ſatisfaction it uſed to do, when he called. It is, thought he, as I expected.

"I have in my hand," ſaid Sir George, "a very extraordinary note from Miſs Colerain; it informs me ſhe has left Combor."

"Doſt thou doubt the intelligence?" aſked Miſs Carlill.

"Oh, no," Sir George anſwered; "but I don't comprehend the reaſon."

"What is there extraordinary in Cornelia Colerain's going where ſhe pleaſes? aſked Miſs Carlill.

"Nothing—nothing," Sir George replied;" the extraordinary would be in a woman's doing—what, ſhe did not pleaſe. But is not your friend capricious, Miſs Carlill?"

"I dare ſay ſhe is in thy eyes," the lady anſwered.

"Will you—can you be frank and ingenuous enough to tell me where ſhe is gone, and why ſhe went?" aſked Sir George.

"The

"The firſt," Miſs Carlill replied, "we have agreed not to tell thee; and as to the ſecond, there is nothing more in it than that ſhe is gone where ſhe intended; but before ſhe intended; and to tell thee frankly, thou art the cauſe."

Good, thought Sir George—we are right. "I," ſays he, appearing ſurpriſed.

"I will not," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "keep thee in ſuſpenſe. Mr. Holford called upon her yeſterday in his way to the Falcon, like a good ſhepherd who careth for his flock; and indeed like a ſtern ſhepherd, who is inclined to beat them when they go aſtray. He did not trouble himſelf to make an apology, but told Cornelia Colerain roundly, that he had been told that ſhe had made an agreement, an arrangement, I think, the French call it, with thee."

"Good God!" ſaid Sir George, "I hope, however, Miſs Colerain acquits me of any thought of ſuch impertinence?"

"Cornelia Colerain," anſwered Miſs Carlill, gravely, "does not read the thoughts of others;

others;—nor does ſhe accuſe thee;—only this ſhe ſaid, friend Paradyne, and ſhe wept when ſhe ſaid it;—that lower than fame and fortune could ſink her, ſhe would not ſink; nor add remorſe to adverſity, even for George Paradyne."

"Good Heaven!" ſaid Sir George, "then ſhe does ſuſpect me?"

"I think that cannot be ſaid," anſwered Miſs Carlill, "and yet, I will own to thee, thy converſation laſt night was not to her taſte."

"Has ſhe an averſion to mirth and good humour?" Sir George aſked.

"Not in the leaſt," replied Miſs Carlill, "as mirth and good humour."

"How did I offend?" aſked Sir George.

"I think Cornelia told me, how laviſh thy praiſes were upon her perſon. Thou ſaidſt ſhe had a lovely ſhape and fine eyes, with other expreſſions of ſimilar import."

"And is it not ſo?"

"It may.—But I muſt tell thee, Cornelia Colerain does not value herſelf upon theſe things;

things; and thy talk ſeemed to her to denote thy mind was more intent upon the outward than the inward form."

"Suppoſe it was," ſaid Sir George, "ſure it was no unpardonable crime."

"Thou wilt eaſily pardon thyſelf, no doubt," replied Miſs Carlill; "and had that been all, I at leaſt, would have pardoned thee alſo; fond as the people of our profeſſion are ſaid to be of the ſpirit. But didſt not thou talk of one Mowbray, who had a bad wife, and didſt thou not inveigh againſt the holy ſtate of matrimony?"

"Perhaps," ſaid Sir George, "I may not have the moſt profound veneration for it."

"Nothing more probable," Miſs Carlill anſwered; "but was that a fit ſubject to talk of to Cornelia Colerain?"

"If," ſaid Sir George, "I could ever expect to meet with liberality of ſentiment in woman, and contempt of prejudices, I might expect it in Miſs Colerain."

"Thou wilt be more likely to find it," replied Miſs Carlill, "amongſt thy women of quality.

quality. *That* liberality, do not expect to find in Cornelia Colerain. Nor do I think thou wouldſt have aſked it of her when ſhe had fifty thouſand pounds."

"Perhaps not," Sir George anſwered;—"but my dear Miſs Carlill, do reflect a moment upon our modes and cuſtoms, and tell me, from your heart, does it not make a difference?"

"I grant it," ſaid Miſs Carlill—"a difference of fifty thouſand pounds."

"Pſhaw!" ſaid Sir George.

"I am told too, that cuſtoms and modes are merely prejudices; and am ſorry thou canſt not find that liberality of ſentiment in thyſelf, thou requireſt in Cornelia Colerain."

"You ſeem to plead your friend's cauſe with a proper quantity of zeal," ſaid Sir George.

"Plead—plead—"anſwered the fair Quaker with quickneſs;—"I admire the word, and the vanity which dictated it. I muſt tell thee, however, if I were ſucceſsful in pleading her cauſe with thee, I ſhould ſtill, poor and humble

ble as ſhe is, have thine to plead with her, and poſſibly not be able to boaſt of my ſucceſs."

"You are angry, my dear Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George.

"Not over pleaſed, I own. Yeſterday I looked up to thee with reſpect and admiration."

"Alas!" ſaid Sir George, humorouſly—"that time, as ſaid Friar Bacon's head—that time is paſt. But women are very inconſtant in their admiration. What did you admire me for yeſterday, Miſs Carlill?"

"Yeſterday," anſwered Miſs Carlill, "I took thee for a *gentleman*. To-day thou ſeemeſt only a man of birth and fortune."

"Do theſe," Sir George aſked; "exclude the gentleman?"

"No," replied the lady, "nor neceſſarily include him."

The converſation went to a much greater length; but I ſuppoſe my fair readers have enough. Sir George endeavoured to tread back upon his ſteps, to unſay what he had ſaid, and to convince Miſs Carlill, which indeed

deed was true, that he never had the leaſt deſign upon the honour of Miſs Colerain. In this, Sir George had not the ſucceſs he deſerved. That Cornelia Colerain ſhould be thought on as a conveniency, was inſupportable to Miſs Carlill; and the anger raiſed by this idea, ſhut up, for the preſent, the avenues of her mind to every other; ſo Sir George and ſhe parted, with each a lowered opinion of the other.

CHAP. III.

SIR GEORGE ſtrode away towards the Falcon, reſolved that day to leave that country, and bid adieu to love and Miſs Colerain. He had to paſs the white houſe, now his own; before it were aſſembled, a ſmall crowd of poor

poor women and children, who were receiving the laſt of her bounty, in that part of the remaining proviſions which Mr. Fidel could ſpare. It was received with tears, and in ſilence, except now and then a ſmall voice might be heard, praying, God bleſs her.—The ſcene was affecting. It put to flight the crowd of proud and angry ideas which he had begun to indulge, and brought back Miſs Colerain, her dignified ſimplicity, her unmerited diſtreſs; it brought back alſo the proximate cauſe of that diſtreſs, the inſulting admonition of Mr. Holford. This turned his ſteps to the parſonage houſe.

It was Sir George's buſineſs to know by what authority this reverend gentleman had joined Miſs Colerain and himſelf together in this ſiniſter mode of marriage. Mr. Holford was not one of thoſe obſtinate people who refuſe to give a reaſon upon compulſion; on the contrary, he was diſpoſed to give up all the reaſon he had in the world upon compulſion; ſo without much heſitation, he acquainted

quainted Sir George with the following circumſtances:

His friend was a clergyman of Southampton; and being at an aſſembly, had gone in the intervals of dancing, to a ſide room for refreſhment. Five or ſix of their wild young men were taking off their glaſſes freely; one of them ſaid, "a pretty ſtory you tell us, Claverly; damme, but I would have eat the ſmooth chinned young dog of a Baronet, before he ſhould have ſeized my firſt fruits ſo ſummarily."

"Oh!" Mr. Claverly anſwered, "I am not done with the boy yet; however, in point of purſe, there is no coping with the child.—They report him to have twenty thouſand pounds a year."

"And what are the terms, my buck?" one of them aſked.

"It cannot," Mr. Claverly anſwered," be leſs than five hundred a year for life; for to tell you a ſecret, I bid her that myſelf; perhaps the additional preſent of the houſe, which ſhe was always fond of, might have turned the

the balance againſt me." My friend ſays he did not then ſtay to hear more; but after that, it was for two or three days the common talk of Southampton.

Sir George left Mr. Holford's with much increaſe of anger, but with an entire change of its object. He ſought for eaſe, and found it by unboſoming himſelf to Lindſay with full confidence. After this, he ſaid, "I ſuppoſe you gueſs what muſt be my next ſtep?"

"I am afraid I do," Mr. Lindſay anſwered.

"And you approve it?" ſaid Sir George.

"That I cannot ſay," replied Mr. Lindſay.

"Shew me," ſaid Sir George, "in your infinite wiſdom, how it is to be avoided—how it is poſſible to avoid it with honour?"

"How are you ſuppoſed to know the report; or eſpecially that it has Mr. Claverly for its author?" aſked Mr. Lindſay.

"But I do know it," anſwered Sir George.

"It is ſo ſeldom," Mr. Lindſay ſaid, "that young gentlemen are ſeized with theſe benevolent propenſities, that one can hardly wonder the

the world ſhould call the ſincerity of them in queſtion—eſpecially when the objects are beautiful young women."

"I let the world alone," Sir George replied, "but that malignant raſcal, Claverly ——"

"Has judged," interrupted Lindſay, "by the moſt general, and perhaps by the trueſt rule of judging —ſelf."

"Curſe me if I can or will forgive him for it," ſaid Sir George. "Call me a madman—laugh at me for a fool—any thing but perſuade me from my purpoſe."

"If ſo," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, I ceaſe to remonſtrate. I only claim the privilege of being your ſecond and your agent."

"Yes—dear Lindſay," replied Sir George, "I demand it of you on the ſcore of friendſhip."

CHAP. IV.

I AM now to beg pardon of my dear fair readers, for an intended breach of the veracity of hiſtory. I had conceived an opinion that duelling did not do honour to any human beings who had heads to reaſon or hearts to feel. I own, therefore, I did meditate to ſuppreſs this circumſtance in the hiſtory of Sir George Paradyne. Not that I did not know that a hero muſt have valour, and that the only way for the refined and peaceable gentleman of the reign of George the Third to obtain it, or the reputation of it, which is quite as good, is to kill his man. I was not yet

yet become an advocate for the cuſtom, even by theſe ponderous arguments in its favour; but my confined ideas have been ſuddenly expanded, by a gentleman of ſome quality in the republic of letters, who has lately done us, the humble noveliſts of Great Britain, the honour to put himſelf at our head. He has taught us that the duel is the grand ſupport of good manners, and that a ſcore or two of lives annually, is a cheap purchaſe of this precious commodity.—I am convinced—for I love good manners, and do henceforth maintain, that a *gentleman* hath a natural right, from his gentility, to be the interpreter of another gentleman's looks and words; and if theſe are not to his taſte, to pink him. This proceſs I direct in future, to be called the pink of good manners.

After all, I need not have given myſelf ſo much unneceſſary trouble on the preſent occaſion; for when Sir George arrived at Southampton, he found that Mr. Claverly had that very morning ſet ſail for Havre de Grace; not to ſhun Sir George, for that

would have been ill manners, and indeed he knew nothing of Sir George's intent; but, as was ſuppoſed, on mercantile concerns.

The complaiſant Sir George determined inſtantly to wait upon him there; and as, in all the Southampton waters, there was not a veſſel with ſails actually ſpread for Normandy, he took poſt horſes for Dover, ſailed over to Calais, and on the ſixth day found himſelf at Havre, with unpowdered hair, pulſe ninety a minute, and ſo altogether unlike a fine gentleman, that poor Claverly muſt have been ſtruck with a panic at leaſt, had he not by good luck been half way over the Britiſh channel on his return.

The indefatigable Sir George, enraged at this contre-tems, would have turned his back upon the firſt poſt in Normandy in half an hour, but that it pleaſed Mr. Lindſay to fall commodiouſly ill. This gentleman had not the ſame animating cauſe which Sir George had, to enable him to reſiſt fatigue; and he had a vexation from which Sir George was exempt.

exempt. He had before been chagrined to ſee philoſophy yield the pas to love; he was equally diſturbed now, to ſee it give way to—good manners.

CHAP. V.

WHEN Mr. Lindſay began to recover, it became the principal amuſement of our gentlemen, to diſcuſs the important points of the firſt and ſecond philoſophy; for if man be the firſt, women muſt be the ſecond. In the actual conſtitution of things, Mr. Lindſay contended, that it was beſt to forget Miſs Colerain; and that, to purſue Mr. Claverly, *ad necem*,

necem, was not Chriſtian, nor philoſophical, nor juſt, nor humane. Theſe points, one by one, Sir George gave up, but ſtill inſiſted it was honourable; and honour, every body knows, can rear its lofty head and ſtand, whilſt all the virtues are falling round it.

At length Mr. Lindſay ſo far prevailed, that Sir George promiſed, unleſs upon freſh provocation, he would not go out of his way to ſeek Mr. Claverly; after which, Mr. Lindſay recovered with double velocity, and very ſoon arrived with Sir George, at his ſeat at Dennington, in Suſſex.

He found there Lady Mary and his ſiſter. The latter he certainly loved with the moſt ſincere affection; Lady Mary he ſtrove to love, but there was ſomething more than commonly repulſive in her manner to him, ſo that his virtuous propenſity received perpetual checks. Still he deſired to pay her all the duty of a ſon, and was not therefore ſorry to find her at Dennington.

Immediately on his arrival, he ſent up a proper meſſage of reſpect, deſiring permiſſion to

to attend her; Lady Mary granted this permiſſion, but remembering Mr. Lindſay, her ſon's diſobedience, and her own dignity, ſhe received him with that awful and chilling ſtatelineſs, ſuch a remembrance was likely to inſpire.

After the firſt ſalutations, Sir George ſaid, "your ladyſhip makes me happy to find you here."

Lady Mary anſwered, "it muſt be owned, Sir George, you take an early and polite method to let me know I am in your houſe."

"Bleſs me, Madam!" ſaid the really aſtoniſhed Sir George, "this is ſo ſtrained an interpretation, that—that—I am afraid, Madam, I have not the power to ſay any thing agreeable to you."

"I ſhould rather ſuppoſe you had not the inclination. You can hardly have forgot—I am ſure I never ſhall—your undutiful behaviour, before you left town, about that odious fellow, that Lindſay, with whom I hear you have been rambling all over the country; I

hope you have thought proper to leave him behind you now."

"He is with me, Madam, and desirous to pay his respects to you."

"Here, Sir George," said Lady Mary;—"and have you really had the cruelty to bring into my presence a man who had the audacity to affront Lord Auschamp, and who is the cause of dissention betwixt you and me."

This was a proper place to shed tears, and Lady Mary shed them copiously. They affected Sir George—not quite indeed in the manner Miss Colerain's had done, but so as to make him earnest in his assurance of duty.

Lady Mary said, "she expected a better proof than words could give; she expected the dismission of a man so odious to her."

Sir George answered, "he would take care Mr. Lindsay should not give her personal offence;" and added, for he could not totally conceal the impression this behaviour made upon him, "nor himself neither." Saying so, he bowed, left the room, and ordering horses,

took Mr. Lindſay, in order to accommodate him at his uncle's.

Here they found Miſs Paradyne, who had called upon her uncle, in her morning ride.—She ran into his arms, murmuring.—"Oh! my dear unkind brother, where have you been ſo long, and not a line to your poor Emilia?" Sir George excuſed himſelf as well as he could, and then announced Mr. Lindſay to her.

She, with great ſweetneſs, ſaid, "you are welcome, Sir; I hope we ſhall make Dennington agreeable to you."

Mr. Lindſay anſwered, "he had now an additional reaſon to regret his excluſion thence."

"I am ſorry, Sir," ſhe anſwered; "Lady Mary, I ſuppoſe, brother?"

"Yes, Emilia," Sir George replied.—"I know my uncle will be glad to accommodate my friend."

"He will," anſwered Miſs Paradyne; "he has ſpoke of Mr. Lindſay with much

pleaſure. But I muſt lament Lady Mary's prejudices."

"Let it be mine to lament, Miſs Paradyne; I ſhould be unhappy to excite your concern," Mr. Lindſay ſaid, not with the air of a man of letters, but of a gentleman.

Miſs Paradyne anſwered, "I am much obliged to you, Sir." Then, with a ſmile to Sir George, "for ſo grave a perſonage as a tutor, brother, Mr. Lindſay is ſufficiently gallant."

"See your power, Emilia," ſaid Sir George. "Mr. Lindſay is not himſelf at preſent; he is moſt natural in the character of a cynic philoſopher; neither the moral fabric of a man, nor the ſilly fabric of woman, are to his taſte."

"Thank you, Sir George," ſaid Lindſay; "it is to prevent Miſs Paradyne's falling in love with my didactic face, that you chuſe to dreſs me thus, I ſuppoſe."

"I ſhall certainly do it for novelty's ſake," replied Miſs Paradyne; "our preſent beaux are ſo ſweetly panegyrical, that I am abſolute-

ly

ly ſick of my own beauty and accompliſh-ments."

"A rare diſeaſe indeed," replied Sir George; "but depend upon Lindſay for a cure."

Sir George now went into his uncle, who was confined by a gouty complaint, and having acquainted him with the purport of his errand, the old gentleman ſaid, "Why, George, I like him; you could not have brought any body to pleaſe me ſo well; he ſpoke like a man to that Lord Auſchamp, I remember. I ſhall offend your mother, I ſuppoſe; but curſe me if I had not rather do it than not—ſo ſend him in to me; he ſhall have the beſt apartment in my houſe."

Things being thus ſettled, Sir George took leave, and rode home with Miſs Paradyne, who ſaid, "I wanted to ſee this Mr. Lindſay, and now I have ſeen him, I find myſelf diſappointed."

"You expected to ſee a man?" ſaid Sir George.

"Yes," replied Miſs Paradyne, "with an oracular face; with the pride of learning ſeated upon his brow."

"This, ſiſter," ſaid Sir George, "is a direct inverſion of the rules of phyſiognomy.—You conceive the character firſt, and then fit it with a face; but how did you come by the character?"

"You," ſaid Miſs Paradyne, "ſpoke of his learning; Lord Auſchamp and Lady Mary of his pride. Amongſt you, I was much perplexed to form an opinion; when I did, it had more of admiration in it, than ſo dutiful a niece and daughter ought to have entertained."

"Thank you, dear Emilia," ſaid Sir George, "and it is a very pretty, and rather new idea, that opinions are to be governed by conſanguinities."

"I did not expect, however," Miſs Paradyne ſaid, "to have ſeen ſo handſome a man, nor of ſo polite and eaſy manners."

"He can," replied Sir George, "be all things to all men, as far as the exterior goes; but

but it is not for every body he will take the trouble to be polite and eaſy; and indeed it is pity he ſhould ever be put out of his way, which is that which approved good ſenſe and integrity direct. Would you believe it Emilia? in a ſituation which makes nineteen paraſites out of twenty men, this Lindſay has never once ſubſcribed to my opinion, when it was not his own, nor has had the complaiſance to refrain from pretty free remonſtrances, whenever I have happened to do that which I ought not to have done."

"I ſhall certainly like him extremely," ſaid Miſs Paradyne."

"You had better not," replied Sir George; "he is a widower, a man of misfortunes, all originating from woman, and is ſomething of an infidel as to the celeſtial attributes, with which ſublime poets and ſublime lovers decorate the fair."

"I believe I ſhall not like him extremely," ſaid Miſs Paradyne. More converſation was prevented, by their arrival at the Hall.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

SIR GEORGE's birth-day approached, and Lady Mary had always expreſſed her intention that it ſhould be ſplendidly kept.—Sir George was of opinion, that ſo ſoon after the death of his father and brother, it would be adding indecency to vanity. Lady Mary thought this was a reflection upon herſelf, and ſaid ſhe needed not to have the memory of her misfortunes intruded on her on every occaſion. God help her; ſhe thought but too much of them on her own accord. There was young Lord S. had a birth-day, though his father

father had been dead only five months, and it was nine ſince ſhe had loſt her dear Sir Jeffery.

Sir George ſaid, "that unleſs the example met his approbation, he did not ſee the neceſſity of following that of Lord S. or any Lord."

Lady Mary replied, "ſhe knew perfectly well what was meant by any Lord. He need not take ſuch odious pains to ſhew the ſmall reſpect he had for her or her relations."

"I am afraid," Sir George ſaid, "your Ladyſhip will make ſpeaking too difficult for me to venture upon. I did not think of Lord Auſchamp, and by no means of offending your Ladyſhip."

"Sir George," Lady Mary replied, "any thing may be denied, or gloſſed over; but I cannot always be commodiouſly blind to an affront, nor commodiouſly credulous, when it is endeavoured to be explained away."

"Then," ſaid Sir George, "my only reſource is ſilence."

Without hearing this, Lady Mary continued: "I conſulted Lord Auſchamp about the

the day, who ſaid it was abſolutely neceſſary, as it gave you an opportunity to keep up your political connexions, and brought you acquainted with half your county at once.—He alſo ſaid, that although, in the affair of that impertinent fellow, that Lindſay, you had not behaved to him with proper deference, he would forget every thing, and come down to do you honour upon the occaſion."

"Honour!" ſaid Sir George.

Phyſiologiſts know, ſome of them but too well—that when the angry blood ruſhes from the heart into the face, it takes the tongue in its way, and puts it in violent motion, before the brain can iſſue its counter orders. Sir George had determined, that in no future converſation, ſhould the leaſt aſperity eſcape him towards his mother; ſo he ſtopt ſhort at the word honour;—then ſaid, "Lord Auſchamp, Madam, is well known to have formed his party. My intention is, to be of no party, but form myſelf by what I can find good in both."

"Nonſenſe,"

"Nonſenſe," ſaid Lady Mary; "if Lord Auſchamp has formed his party, it is becauſe he is convinced *that* party is the right."

"I do not doubt it," Sir George replied, "and when I am convinced too, I ſuppoſe I ſhall act according to conviction."

So the dialogue went on; and as it brought no conviction to either of the diſputants, Lady Mary ſent off to Lord Auſchamp a letter, complaining of Sir George's obſtinacy. Lord Auſchamp thought the matter of ſo much importance, that he haſtened to anſwer it in perſon.

He met his nephew all ſmile; for he was not like ſome kings of former days, who would go no road to what they wanted, but the high road of authority. He ſaid the moſt obliging things that could be ſaid; and he even extended his complaiſance ſo far, as to inquire after Mr. Lindſay, and to expreſs his regret that that gentleman and he ſhould miſunderſtand each other. For his part, he liked a man of independent ſpirit. Men of liberal ideas,

ideas, always forget the little contentions ariſing from contrariety of opinion.

Although Sir George might not, perhaps, give Lord Auſchamp credit to the full extent of his polite language, he was very well pleaſed to hear it, for he loved conciliation, and had no particular deſire to be at variance with his uncle. Lady Mary too, being privately, though with ſome difficulty, convinced by Lord Auſchamp, that it was better Sir George ſhould take his own way with that Lindſay, ſhe was ſo good to deſire that gentleman might be invited to the hall; for ſhe durſt ſay, upon better acquaintance, ſhe ſhould like him very well.

On this important ſubject, a council was held at Mr. James Paradyne's, who very liberally damned the project and its contrivers. Sir George ſpoke eloquently, and proved that forgiveneſs was a true Chriſtian virtue, and recommended even by Catholic divines, except in the abominable caſes of hereſy and contumacy, reſpecting ſpiritual decrees.

Mr.

Mr. Lindſay ſaid, it was one thing to lay aſide reſentment, another to court the hand that wounded, to wound again.

Miſs Paradyne obſerved, that though the diſpoſition might ſtill remain with Lord Auſchamp, the occaſion was probably gone for ever.

Mr. Lindſay ſaid, he was more diſpoſed to yield to the wiſhes of ſo amiable a perſuader, than to her reaſons; but that he could not ſee why it ſhould be her wiſh.

To this Miſs Paradyne anſwered, that a man of Mr. Lindſay's good ſenſe muſt be an agreeable addition to any ſociety; but added, that in this requeſt, ſhe was more directly ſelfiſh: "For you muſt know," ſhe continued, "that I have the honour to be umpire in the little diſputes which occaſionally ariſe betwixt my mother and uncle; the chief ſource of them is this young gentleman's perverſeneſs, and his indolence in the buſineſs going forward, though it only regards himſelf.—— Now I am often unhappy in my arbitration, and ſeldom pleaſe either ſide; no wonder, therefore,

therefore, that I wiſh to decline the honour, and beſtow it upon Mr. Lindſay."

"Well done, Emilia," ſaid Sir George; "this is, I ſuppoſe, what ladies call beſtowing favours upon gentlemen."

"Certainly," anſwered Miſs Paradyne;—and I dare ſay Mr. Lindſay will tell me, any pain endured for my ſake will be pleaſure."

"Without doubt," replied Mr. Lindſay, laughing; "but how Miſs Paradyne will put me in a way of enjoying that pleaſure, I cannot conceive."

"Nothing ſo eaſy," replied the lady; "I am convinced Lord Auſchamp's friendſhip would flow in full ſtream upon any man, who would give him hopes of governing this headſtrong youth *the right way*; and I hope Mr. Lindſay will do this for my ſake."

Words from beautiful lips, all men know, can perſuade full as well without reaſon as with it.—So Mr. Lindſay went to the hall.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

IN my firſt exhibition of Lord Auſchamp, he might not, perhaps, appear to my fair readers ſo polite a man as a Lord ought to be. I now hope they will think better of him, eſpecially when I aſſure them, he perſiſted, to the laſt hour of his ſtay, in this moſt charming mode of behaviour; complimented Sir George on his capacity for diſtinguiſhing men of ſterling merit; and when he aſcended his chaiſe, ſhook Mr. Lindſay cordially by the hand, and aſſured him, nothing could make him ſo happy as to give him an opportunity

tunity of ſhewing how ſincerely he was his friend.

Now this pleaſed Sir George, and one would think muſt pleaſe every body; for it is the true current politeneſs, and being made up of grace (I do not mean the grace of God), ſmiles, bows, and other ſmall cloaths of the mind, and put on with ſo much eaſe, I wonder any man ſhould prefer that other unguarded ſort of politeneſs, which conſiſts of a real feeling, the wiſh to ſerve and pleaſe, and therefore not in every man's power.

Now ſuch a man was Lindſay. I deſpair of bringing this man into favour with the ladies; and muſt confeſs, he has few or none of thoſe ſhining qualities, by which their favour is uſually acquired.

Lord Auſchamp having taken leave, Sir George was more at leiſure to conſider his ſiſter, who, though occaſionally gay, ſighed frequently, and indulged herſelf in the ſolitude of groves and grots.

A rumour had reached Sir George's ear, that Miſs Paradyne was ſoon to be married;

but it was ſo incredible that he ſhould hear of this only by a rumour, that he conſidered it as unfounded. He was, however, miſtaken; Lord Auſchamp had the goodneſs to look out for his niece, and, by a ſingular circumſtance operating on the young lady's delicacy, added to the daily mortifications ſhe endured from her mother's temper, ſhe was induced to give a paſſive conſent to her will and Lord Auſchamp's. Her little ſtory is this:

One evening, at Ranelagh, the party ſhe was with was joined by a young gentleman, of a genteel perſon, and amiable manners, whoſe good ſenſe and free elocution rendered him an agreeable and entertaining companion. His name was Birimport, and he had lately returned from abroad. Of Miſs Paradyne, he took conſiderable notice. Once afterwards, ſhe ſaw and danced with him at the Pantheon, and received from him rather more attention and aſſiduity than in ſuch accidental circumſtances is uſually given or required.

One day Lord Auſchamp, calling upon Lady Mary, and entertaining her with ſome news

news of the town, ſaid abruptly, "apropos, Emilia, I believe I have to congratulate you upon a new conqueſt."

"That is well, my Lord," ſaid Miſs Paradyne, ſmiling through a bluſh, "ſome great man, I hope, who will make me the envy of my ſex."

"If great wealth, great merit, and great talents, are to the taſte of a young lady, I ſhould hope Mr. Birimport may not be diſagreeable," ſaid Lord Auſchamp.

"Oh!" replied Miſs Paradyne, with a deeper bluſh, "theſe things are charming, as well as great. How have I had the good fortune to attract his notice?"

"I think," ſaid my Lord, "he ſaw you at the opera."

"Perhaps at the Pantheon," replied Miſs Paradyne; "I think I danced there with a gentleman of that name."

"Ah! well," ſaid his Lordſhip, "but that was not the place to exhibit ſuch talents as his to the beſt advantage. How did he appear to you?"

"Very

"Very well for a partner," Miſs Paradyne replied, he ſeemed ſenſible, and not deficient in politeneſs."

"He is," ſaid his Lordſhip, "of extraordinary good ſenſe, of a good family in the Weſt of England, and poſſeſſed of large fortune, acquired in the Eaſt; he has great political connexions, and commands two boroughs. At a miniſterial dinner the other day, he gave Miſs Paradyne for his toaſt; and underſtanding I was her uncle, deſired to be particularly introduced to me. I had the ſatisfaction to find his ſentiments and my own very ſimilar. He was eloquent in your praiſe, Emilia, and ſaid it would complete his happineſs to be known to Lady Mary, and to be permitted to viſit here with hopes, provided, on better acquaintance, he ſhould prove agreeable to Lady Mary and yourſelf. What ſay your Emilia?"

"That I am not in haſte to be married," anſwered Miſs Paradyne.

"That is no anſwer," ſaid Lady Mary. "I deſire, my Lord, you will act as you

think proper. Emilia ought to be much obliged to you, for condeſcending to intereſt yourſelf about her. As to my approbation, that I know is little to be regarded."

"Dear madam," ſaid Miſs Paradyne, "how can you ſuppoſe that?"

"How?" anſwered Lady Mary, "why, from experience. There was Lord M's ſon, and Sir Charles Brandcote's; there was Mr. Jefferſon, and Mr. Clayton; I approved of theſe, what then; one was effeminate, one wanted underſtanding, another good-nature, and another good manners; I was a fool; I ought to have forbid their addreſſes; then we ſhould have ſeen you upon the high road to Scotland long ago. There is not a mother in all England dotes upon her children as I do, and not one that meets with ſo much contradiction and ingratitude."

Miſs Paradyne wept, and was ſilent.

Some days after, Lady Mary and Miſs Paradyne dined by invitation at Lord Auſchamp's. Several ſtrangers were preſent; one, a tall, thin, emaciated gentleman, about the middle age.

age. He talked little, but that little was expreſſive, Though his look was ſickly, his eyes were keen and penetrating, with a ſmall degree of wildneſs in them. Miſs Paradyne almoſt ſtarted, when ſhe heard him addreſſed by the name of Birimport. A ſecond thought gave her the idea of its being the father or uncle of the gentleman ſhe had ſeen; and this idea made her bluſh. However, though this gentleman attended the ladies to coffee and ſtayed ſome time, he took no particular notice of Miſs Paradyne. She even left Lord Auſchamp's, without being undeceived; but found her error on the road, by Lady Mary's congratulations. "Your happineſs," ſays this lady to her daughter, "is as ſecure as any happineſs can be in this mortal life; a man of Mr. Birimport's fine ſenſe and fine fortune falls but to the lot of few."

Would to heaven I was not one of the few —Miſs Paradyne would have ſaid, if ſhe durſt have ſpoke;—but ſhe was ſurpriſed and embarraſſed. It occurred to her that ſhe had owned ſhe had ſeen a Mr. Birimport, and had

even ſpoke rather in his praiſe. If ſhe objected to this Mr. Birimport as a gentleman ſhe did not know, or did not like, it would follow that there was another Mr. Birimport whom ſhe did know, and perhaps did like; and ſhe by no means choſe to lay herſelf at the mercy of ſuch an interpreter as her mother.

It muſt be owned that Miſs Paradyne had indulged rather too much in the contemplation of the amiabilities of the Mr. Birimport of the Pantheon, and ſhe did not think the leſs of them for the fine ſenſe and fine fortune of the other; but another diſcovery, which ſhe made by chance in a converſation with her boſom friend, Miſs Hatley, rendered her almoſt indifferent as to the fooliſh things of this world, and conſequently acquieſcent to the will of her mother. It was nothing more than that the Mr. Birimport who had the honour of taking her attention, was not of the ſame family with the other, and that he was a young man of ſmall fortune, which he was

upon the point of meliorating by marriage with Miſs Perry, a city lady.

A few days after, when Miſs Paradyne went down to dinner, without any previous notice given her, ſhe found at the table Lord Auſchamp and Mr. Birimport. It was a ſmall party, and Miſs Paradyne had more leiſure to attend to Mr. Birimport. He talked more to-day. If his converſation had a fault, it ſeemed to be the peremptory tone of deciſion and importance.

After dinner Lord Auſchamp made one excuſe to withdraw, and Lady Mary another. Theſe were awful preparations to Miſs Paradyne. They frighted and vexed her. Love is never ſo welcome to young ladies, I preſume, as when it lies in their way, and they find it. Mr. Birimport however appeared perfectly cool and temperate; and without any of the timidities of love, addreſſed her thus:

"I preſume it has been hinted to you, Miſs Paradyne, that I did not wait upon Lady Mary to day, merely to dine. I am at pre-

ſent too much occupied, to permit me to waſte time in the common courteſies of thoſe who have little to do. But the eſſential purpoſes of life and happineſs muſt be attended to. I ſaw you at the opera, and thought you beautiful; I inquired of you, and learned that wiſdom and good humour were more decidedly yours even than beauty. Since that hour, whenever I have thought of happineſs, your idea has always been joined with it.

" But you have happineſs to ſeek as well as myſelf, and it is poſſible it may be totally incompatible with the union I ſeek. I know it is preſumption in me to ſuppoſe that I have any thing to compenſate a too great diſparity of years, and an infirm conſtitution. But I have been taught that you have refuſed birth, rank, and affluence, joined with accompliſhments to which I have no pretenſions. I have therefore concluded you had a mind which reſted its happineſs on private virtue rather then public ſplendor."

Mr. Birim-

Mr. Birimport ſtopped here, and ſeemed to wait an anſwer.

Miſs Paradyne ſaid, "that the affectation of trifling with a man like him would be preposterous; that ſhe would imitate his candour at leaſt, if ſhe could not his good ſenſe. She thought the marriage union required a more perfect knowledge of each other, than at preſent they could be ſuppoſed to have. That advanced years and growing infirmities were undoubtedly not recommendations, and poſſibly might prevent her ever being able to acquire thoſe ſentiments for him, which every woman ſhould feel for the man ſhe marries."

Mr. Birimport ſaid, "that an object like himſelf could not be ſuppoſed able to raiſe thoſe ſentiments, but by a thouſand delicate attentions which marriage would give him an opportunity of paying."

After a great many fine and pretty things of this nature had been ſaid on both ſides, Mr. Birimport found himſelf permitted to ſay them over again; which is, I believe, a conceſſion that every lover conſiders as much in

his favour; ſo having rehearſed them a few times more, and Miſs Paradyne conceived it better to be Mr. Birimport's wife than Lady Mary's daughter, gave a ſort of conſent, which authoriſed the cuſtomary writings to be drawn; and as ſhe ſuppoſed they were now finiſhed, ſhe expected Mr. Birimport every day to claim his reward.

All that was neceſſary of this, Miſs Paradyne related to Sir George, who, embracing her tenderly, aſked, "if ſhe had found any reaſon to change her opinion of Mr. Birimport?"

"I cannot ſay I have," anſwered Miſs Paradyne; "Miſs Hatley indeed had heard he was ſubject to hypochondriaciſm; but it would be ſilly to expect perfect health in any man, either of mind or body."

"What then," Sir George aſked, "makes you uneaſy?"

"I am not abſolutely uneaſy, brother," Miſs Paradyne replied, "tho' I am not abſolutely content; what vexes me moſt, is my mother's prohibition to make you acquainted with it."

"This

"This," ſaid Sir George, "is aſtoniſhing; what cauſe did ſhe aſſign?"

"Only," anſwered Miſs Paradyne, "that you were raſh and headſtrong; that you would interfere without any judgment; and perhaps undo what Lord Auſchamp and herſelf had done with united wiſdom."

"I am exceſſively obliged to my mother," ſaid Sir George, "and if my ſiſter deſires it, I will certainly confirm her prediction."

"No, dear brother," anſwered Miſs Paradyne, "I will not carry my caprices ſo far. Mr. Birimport has a right to expect I will fulfil my engagement, and I will fulfil it. All I aſk is my brother's conſoling affection."

"It is," ſaid Sir George, "entirely yours."

CHAP. VIII.

LADY MARY had the condeſcenſion to join ſir George, Miſs Paradyne, and Mr. Lindſay at breakfaſt the next morning, when ſhe told Sir George ſhe expected company to dinner.

"Any of our neighhours, madam?" aſked Sir George.

"No;" Lady Mary anſwered, "Lord Auſchamp and a Mr. Birimport from town. He comes down to marry your ſiſter."

Mr. Lindſay was at this inſtant carrying a cup of coffee to his mouth. It is probable the abruptneſs of the information hurt his com-

comprehenſion, the coffee ſcalded him ſo ſeverely that he dropt the cup.

Lady Mary was near dropping hers from anger. "This is really being monſtrous awkward," ſaid ſhe, "You have broke me a ſet that every body has admired; Count Tunſtein made me a preſent of it; it is the fineſt Dreſden, and cannot be matched in all London."

"I am very ſorry," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

"What ſignifies being ſorry," ſaid Lady Mary; "when people come to other people's houſes, they ſhould learn how to behave."

"I go to learn," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with a bow, and immediately retired.

Sir George made the moſt vigorous reſolutions to have no ſort of contention with his mother. One ſudden impulſe or other broke them. So it happened now. "Madam—" ſays he, riſing in diſorder, then ſtopped, ſat down, and covering his face with his hankerchief, gave way to a mingled maſs of emotion,

formed of anger, ſorrow, filial duty, and fraternal love.

"I wonder, ſaid Lady Mary, "what I am to be madam'd for now? I ſuppoſe I muſt not ſpeak to that Lindſay, becauſe he is ſuch a favourite? He may well be a favourite. I dare ſay he does nothing but flatter you. He never opens his mouth to tell you any thing you do amiſs, I dare anſwer for him. And it is only becauſe I give you good advice, that you hate me and croſs me in every thing, and bring a man into the houſe to mortify me and break my things."

"Heaven grant me patience!" ſaid Sir George.

"Why, what's the matter now?" cried Lady Mary. "Heaven grant me patience, if you come to that; ſure I have need of it, when I muſt not ſpeak to my own children, but they fly into paſſions, as if the fault was mine, not theirs."

"Is it my fault," ſaid Sir George, "that my only ſiſter is engaged in marriage without my knowledge? is it my fault that my friend

friend is treated like a ſchool-boy, and driven from my houſe?"

"Why, as to the firſt," anſwered Lady Mary, "I wonder what buſineſs you have with it. She is my daughter, not yours. And for the other, I declare I think that man was born for nothing but to make miſchief; and I ſhan't be eaſy whilſt he is in the houſe."

"I beg you would be eaſy, madam," ſaid Sir George, "after this morning, our united families have not wherewith to bribe him to ſtay. And permit me to ſay, that as I am only made miſerable here, I muſt rid you of my preſence alſo. Emilia—one word with you in your dreſſing room."

Miſs Paradyne overflowing in tears, gave Sir George her hand. Lady Mary became furious, and commanded her daughter not to ſtir from her preſence. Sir George gave her a tender kiſs, left the room, and in an hour the houſe, along with Mr. Lindſay.

As to Lady Mary, when calmneſs came, it was very near bringing penitence along with it; but penitence is only for faults; and the

the acknowledgement of this, even to herſelf, was too painful for Lady Mary to bear; ſo ſhe ordered her chariot, and drove to a few of her moſt familiar neighbours, juſt to complain that ſhe had the moſt undutiful ſon upon earth; that her daughter was going to be married, and ſhe was the unhappieſt of women. Whilſt ſhe was performing this agreeable exerciſe, Sir George and Mr. Lindſay taking leave of Mr. James Paradyne upon the road, were ſome miles upon their way to London.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

IT is poſſible my fair readers may imagine; that the lovely Miſs Colerain has ſlipped out of Sir George's memory, or mine; for it is, I find, a ſort of maxim with the dear creatures, that a man in love does not perform the duties of his ſtation, unleſs he goes mad ſome way or other—upon diſappointment. Now Sir George Paradyne being in his perfect ſenſes, could not be in love.

I never ſaid he was, dear ladies; at leaſt, I never ſaid love was his ſole paſſion. As a man may love and be very hungry, he may love and be very proud. Probably this was Sir George's

Sir George's caſe. For there were times when he could not deny the poſſeſſion of his imagination to Miſs Colerain—eſpecially in the dark night—ſo friendly to love. Then it was, ſhe ſeemed formed for the very direct purpoſe of making him happy; then, he conſtantly debated the queſtion, whether ſolid happineſs was not better than empty fame. Then, he as conſtantly decided that it was—till day, and London, and Lindſay, introduced a contrary aſſociation of ideas.

And this is the prerogative of man! always to oppoſe the ſhield of reaſon; a ſhield that defends him againſt the paſſions—like a bulruſh.

But whatſoever becomes of love, men, whilſt they are in their ſenſes, ſhould think of paying their debts. Sir George did, and declared his intention of going to Southampton, to finiſh with Mr. Merrick for Combor White Houſe.

Aſſociated with the idea of Combor White Houſe, was that of a row of cheſnuts, Miſs Colerain's favourite walk. Of a ſummer-houſe

houſe adorned with works of genius, works of Miſs Colerain's hand. Of a painting there, repreſenting a man ſuſpending his rural labour, and mute with aſtoniſhment and fear. Two men had juſt entered his cottage, ſent by the ſteward of the manor, to take an equivalent for rent. His wife was brought to bed of twins the evening before. They did not take her bed from under her—no—they did not; whatever elſe they could find they did take. Miſs Colerain heard of this diſtreſs, and at that time, to hear and to relieve, was with this lady, the ſame thing. By her means, the man is now in poſſeſſion of a moderate farm, and always bleſſing his benefactreſs, lives in comfort and happineſs.

It is a proof of love, dear ladies, that Sir George was ſeized with a deſire, almoſt to longing, of indulging himſelf with a ſight of thoſe inferior objects, which Miſs Colerain, now far diſtant, had endeared to him?

As Sir George was not an adept in the royal and noble arts of ſimulation and diſſimulation, the fluctation of his mind, though not all his actions in conſequence of it, was well

well known to Mr. Lindſay. Now Mr. Lindſay thought more of Mr. Claverly than Miſs Colerain; but as he did not chuſe to aſſign this as a reaſon for Sir George's not going to Southampton, he found it neceſſary to have recourſe to arguments of a different kind; and againſt tender ſentiments, to ſupport the pride of wealth and family, from which Sir George was by no means exempt; nor perhaps any of the ſons of men. At length Mr. Lindſay conquered, and got himſelf ſubſtituted for Sir George, for the buſineſs at Southampton.

When he arrived there, he found all things ready, and himſelf expected. Having ſettled the account, Mr. Merrick delivered him certain writings to ſign, and wiſhed him, as is cuſtomary, joy of the purchaſe.

"I thank you, ſir," Mr. Lindſay anſwered; "a friend's joy ought to be our own."

"But you are the immediate purchaſer," ſaid Merrick.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Lindſay.

"You

"You ſign as principal," ſaid Mr. Merrick; "your own name is every where inſerted inſtead of Sir George Paradyne's. To ſay the truth, our firſt inſtructions were to make the conveyance to Miſs Colerain. We did ſo; and we did it with ſorrow—for we were told it was the price of the lady's honour; we have ſince had reaſon to believe our information was ill founded. Ten days ſince we were favoured with Sir George's orders to ſubſtitute you for Miſs Colerain,"

"I cannot accept it," ſays Mr, Lindſay, walking about in diſorder."

"That, ſir, is your affair, not mine," Mr. Merrick replied; "I own I do not ſee the impoſſibility. But I beg pardon, ſir, I don't preſume to offer my advice; both the gift and the refuſal being without a precedent in my office."

Mr. Lindſay conſidered a moment, then ſigned, and took the road to Combor. The next morning he made a viſit to Miſs Carlill.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

HE was received by this lady with a moſt ſullen civility; for ſhe imputed to him ſome part of Sir George's ſentiments reſpecting her friend. Mr Lindſay aſked "if he had been ſo unfortunate as to offend?

"Not in thy own perſon," Miſs Carlill anſwered, for ſhe always ſpoke what ſhe thought; "but I did not admire thy friend's converſation the laſt time I ſaw him."

"Of what nature was it?" Mr. Lindſay aſked.

"Of a licentious nature; ſhe anſwered.

"I do

"I do not know," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "that Sir George is guilty of a licentious action. But Miſs Carlill will ſcarce wonder he ſhould catch ſome portion of the prevailing ſentiment of the day."

"If ſentiment leads to action," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "it would become thee to endeavour to prevent all that is improper."

"I hope I have ſo endeavoured," Mr. Lindſay replied.

"I wiſh thy ſucceſs had been greater," ſaid Miſs Carlill. "Once indeed I had a higher opinion of George Paradyne than of any man; and becauſe I had, I wiſhed him united to Cornelia Colerain."

"That union I thought improper," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

"So I ſuſpect," replied Miſs Carlill; "and perhaps it was owing principally to thee, it did not take place."

"I do not know that," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "what influence I had, I own frankly I exerted againſt it."

"On

"On the old ground of inequality, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"Partly that, partly his early age," replied Mr. Lindſay.

"If the world goes as I am told it does," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou would'ſt have done better not to have expoſed him ſo much to it. Cornelia Colerain would have formed him to virtue better than all thy philoſophy."

"I learn by this," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "that Miſs Carlill has a great opinion of the influence of her ſex over ours; and a little one of the merit of divine philoſophy."

"Not a great one, I own," ſaid Miſs Carlill; "for I have never yet ſeen it govern any man. If it had that power, I alſo ſhould call it divine. In my mind, Cornelia Colerain would govern better than the paſſions."

As the converſation proceeded, Miſs Carlill's reſerve wore away; and Mr. Lindſay related to her his buſineſs at Southampton, and his ſurpriſe.

"Perhaps,'

"Perhaps," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou wilt find a ſolution of that enigma in this copy of a letter, which Cornelia Colerain ſent through my hands to friend Paradyne:"

SIR,

"I have your favour incloſed by Miſs Carlill. In the offer you make me of Combor White Houſe and precincts, with fifty pounds, paid quarterly, I have no right to ſuppoſe you influenced by any motive but generoſity and compaſſion; eſpecially as you add a promiſe never to ſee me—if I ſo decree. But permit me to aſk you, Sir George, upon what pretence I can accept ſo liberal a donation. You are not my relation. Our families were total ſtrangers to each other. No tie ſubſiſts between us, which could juſtify ſo glaring an indecorum. Even if it could be juſtified to the world, it could not to myſelf; and I think you will allow that ſelf-approbation

probation ought not to be bartered, even for a crown. I thank you therefore, gratefully and ſincerely. Farther than this I cannot go. To hear of Sir George Paradyne's happineſs will always add to that of his obliged humble ſervant,

" CORNELIA COLERAIN,"

" What doſt thou think of this?" aſked Miſs Carlill.

Mr. Lindſay anſwered, " that it became Miſs Colerain ſo to write."

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THE morning in which Mr. Lindſay left London, Sir George ſpent in reflection, not upon the things he ought, but upon thoſe he ought not. Weary of an internal civil war, he dreſſed and ſtrolled to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, where he met a Mr. Lake, with whom he had a ſlight acquaintance at Oxford. This gentleman was deſigned for the church; and being now in mourning, Sir George did not diſtinguiſh between the canonicals of a young divine, and the elegant ſables of an heir. "So Jack," ſays he,

" you have put on your clericals I obſerve, you are ordained no doubt."

" Yes," Mr. Lake anſwered, " heaven and my old grandmother be praiſed, I am ordained to be a gentleman. My mother's mother, Mrs. Fielding, a good old lady, in whom time and accident had concentred the greateſt part of the fortunes of her family, has been pleaſed to die, and leave me forty thouſand pounds, on condition of my taking the family name. So here I am—John Lake Fielding, Eſquire, at your ſervice."

" I wiſh you joy ſincerely," ſaid Sir George.

" I thank you," anſwered the other, " and faith I have it. A curacy of forty pounds per annum, is a ſplendid eſtabliſhment, no doubt; but a man may live altogether as well upon the ſolid baſis of forty thouſand. I had always this notion, and looked up to my grandmother with prodigious veneration, in conſequence of it. I have great obligation to my father for begetting me; it would be impious to deny it; in other reſpects,

reſpects, his paternity was null and void. He died, and left me for an inheritance my grandmother's love; without reflecting upon the changes and chances of this mortal life; and how poſſible it is for an old woman to think wiſely one day and fooliſhly another. Luckily the good old ſoul continued in poſſeſſion of wiſdom to her dying hour. How indeed ſhould ſhe do otherwiſe? I wrote her a weekly diſcourſe, in which I ſcattered ſundry ſmall pieces of greek and latin. My moſt abundant topic was the follies and vanities of this wicked world, and all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh; and the felicity of attaining a ſtate of wiſdom. How difficult this was to youth. How I had known but one individual, wiſe early in life, and that a woman, good as wiſe. I took care alſo that, without writing her name under the picture, my dear grandmother ſhould not miſtake this woman good as wiſe. So much pains deſerved a reward. Whilſt living, ſhe paid alma mater for my milk; and died before an hundred.

Heaven reſt her ſoul, ſhe was the wiſeſt, beſt of women."

"I think," ſays Sir George, "in your preſence her wiſdom cannot be decently denied; and to this ſad event it was owing, I ſuppoſe that I have now the pleaſure to ſee you in town."

"No, Sir George," Mr. Fielding replied; "you owe it to my fraternal piety. My grandmother's will excited an unhappy mania in my elder brother; he did not think it according to the fitneſs of things, that he, the head of the family, ſhould have but five hundred a year, and I, the tail of it, fifteen hundred. So he modeſtly deſired me to give him ten thouſand pounds. I told him I durſt not preſume to be wiſer than my grandmother. So he ſent me a challenge; I, more addicted to love than war, ran piouſly hither."

The ſpecimen of John Lake Fielding's vivacity, happened to take Sir George's taſte, he demanded his friendſhip. The demand was granted, and he promiſed, at Sir George's entreaty,

entreaty, to dine with him that day in Groſvenor-ſquare.

At home, Sir George found an unexpected gueſt, Lady Mary juſt arrived from Dennington. She deſired him not to be ſurpriſed, that the anger of a mother was but ſhort lived. She had reflected. Perhaps ſhe might have been wrong. No woman could be ſooner convinced of her errors. A little misunderſtanding uſually happened in all families. That was no reaſon why a mother and a ſon ſhould live ſeparate till he was married. His houſe ought to be under the government of ſome prudent female, and ſhe knew none ſo proper as herſelf.

Now Sir George had himſelf often made this latter reflection, and had often ſighed to think Lady Mary's temper rendered her not this proper perſon; or that his own was not fitted to bear her provocations. The idea of varience with a mother was intolerable; and he would bear any thing, he could have borne to have lived with her on amicable terms.

Theſe being Sir George's ſentiments, he was rather ſurpriſed than diſpleaſed at Lady Mary's appearance in town. He received her therefore with much reſpect, and even thanked her for her condeſcenſion; her good humour roſe to the higheſt pitch; ſhe received Mr. Fielding very graciouſly, and they all dined together in great harmony.

But this apparent change in Lady Mary's diſpoſition, did not proceed from her own heart, but from Lord Auſchamp's head. He came down to Dennington to honour the nuptials of his niece; and Lady Mary entertained him with bitter complaints of her ſon. He knew ſomething of his ſiſter's temper, and it was eaſy to perceive, even from her own account, that Sir George had been juſtly provoked.

Lord Auſchamp piqued himſelf, as every good politician does, upon being a manager of men; and he found that he ſucceeded beſt, not by telling them of their faults, but of their virtues. He told Lady Mary therefore, that ſhe was the beſt and fondeſt of mothers; that

that he was certain, had it not been for Sir George's precipitance, ſhe would have conceded a little, rather than have ſuffered a breach. That it were much to be wiſhed young people were more wiſe and docile, but that ſince they were not, it was the more incumbent upon the wiſe parents to bear their follies, and ſhew them patiently the way to good. That he knew this was Lady Mary's own opinion, and that her actions would be always wiſe and prudent, if ſhe had time for reflection.

As to the wedding, all things had gone on pretty well; for Miſs Paradyne wept only in private. The bride and bridegroom proceeded to a ſeat of Mr. Birimport's in Wiltſhire; and were every day expected at their houſe in Portland-place.

CHAP. XII.

TO keep Lady Mary at the higheſt pitch of good humour that was poſſible in nature, required only theſe few things: to eat, ſleep, and digeſt well, to live in the moſt ſuperb ſtyle, and to ſubject the wills of all about her to her own.

It was in the laſt article ſhe had found the principal obſtructions; ſervants would ſometimes preſume to ſwear they would not be ſlaves to pride and caprice; and even to the gentle Emilia would ſometimes demur, and ſometimes pout.

Notwith-

Notwithſtanding Lord Auſchamp's excellent advice, and more excellent mode of giving it, as he could not adminiſter it every day, Lady Mary ſunk into her old habits, and ſaw plainer and plainer how wrong Sir George was, and the neceſſity of parental admonition. It was uſually adminiſtered at the hour of breakfaſt. One morning ſhe ſaw him diſpoſed to be unuſually penſive. Doubtleſs that was the propereſt diſpoſition of mind to benefit moſt by her labours. It was true, her periods were waſted on the deſert air. Not that Sir George had obtained the uſeful power of hearing or not hearing at will, but becauſe he was totally engroſſed by the remembrance of a viſion. It was of a female all in white, ſtanding before the door of Combor White Houſe which was ſhut againſt her, and which ſhe looked at with a pity-moving eye; ſhe turned that eye upon Sir George, then again to the excluding door, and when he was going to addreſs her, vaniſhed like an angel.

Lady Mary had ſaid much, without obſerving Sir George's auditory nerves to be out of order, and had ſtill much to ſay, when Mr. Fielding called to invite Sir George to walk. Politeneſs required that ſhe ſhould ſtop a minute to rehearſe the every day courteſies of good breeding; this done, Lady Mary reſumed her diſcourſe, not doubting they might benefit Mr. Fielding alſo. He, who had a certain humour of his own, appeared to liſten with the moſt reſpectful attention; and when lady Mary ſeemed diſpoſed to conclude her admonitions, ſaid with a ſerious air, " he was ſorry, extremely ſorry, his friend had given occaſion for it, which he concluded muſt be the caſe, he ſaid, from his penitent air; otherwiſe he hoped to be the better for Lady Mary's documents as long as he lived. Many things which had fallen from her lips, might be put up in churches, in golden letters."

Sir George bluſhed, roſe up, and went out of the room. Lady Mary ſhook her head, and ſaid, " ſhe ſhould be a happy mother, if Sir

Sir George had been bleſſed with Mr. Fielding's docility and reverence for the precepts of wiſdom."

Mr. Fielding in return, owned "that he had never heard ſo good things from any of the heads of colleges in Oxford; nor were better to be found in Tully's offices, or even in Antonine's Meditations. That ſhe had nothing to do but repeat them ſufficiently often, and they could not poſſibly fail of perſuation." ſo ſaying he made his reverential bow, and went to join his friend.

His friend, inſtead of meeting him with the applauſe he expected, met him with rebuke. "Fielding," ſays he, "Lady Mary has foibles, but it can never be agreeable to me to ſee them expoſed, and herſelf ſubjected to ridicule."

"Good," anſwered Fielding, "ſhe has the honour to be your mother, to be ſure; and having benefited the univerſe by bringing you into it, has a right to be exempted from all taxes the reſt of her life."

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Sir George bluſhed, roſe up, and went out of the room. Lady Mary ſhook her head, and ſaid, " ſhe ſhould be a happy mother, if Sir

Sir George had been bleſſed with Mr. Fielding's docility and reverence for the precepts of wiſdom."

Mr. Fielding in return, owned "that he had never heard ſo good things from any of the heads of colleges in Oxford; nor were better to be found in Tully's offices, or even in Antonine's Meditations. That ſhe had nothing to do but repeat them ſufficiently often, and they could not poſſibly fail of perſuation." ſo ſaying he made his reverential bow, and went to join his friend.

His friend, inſtead of meeting him with the applauſe he expected, met him with rebuke. "Fielding," ſays he, "Lady Mary has foibles, but it can never be agreeable to me to ſee them expoſed, and herſelf ſubjected to ridicule."

"Good," anſwered Fielding, "ſhe has the honour to be your mother, to be ſure; and having benefited the univerſe by bringing you into it, has a right to be exempted from all taxes the reſt of her life."

" Dear Fielding," ſaid Sir George, " I am content to be the but of your ſatire in my own perſon, but ſpare me in that of my mother."

CHAP. XIII.

MR. Fielding's company was this morning leſs agreeable to Sir George than uſual. They parted, and he fell again into contemplation of his viſion of the night.—And have I, ſaid he, given away that little paradiſe, ſo late Miſs Colerain's? the furniture ſhe occupied? the beds in which ſhe ſlept? the ornament with which ſhe decorated the

the palace of ſweets? her very picture? theſe were the texts, from which Sir George had the dexterity to deduce a maſs of ſermonic matter, as well calculated to grieve his heart, as any heart could wiſh.

Whilſt he was thus delightfully diſquieting himſelf, a chaiſe drove to the door with Mr. Lindſay. The firſt perſon he ſaw belonging to the houſe was Lady Mary's footman. His inquiry was anſwered by the information of Lady Mary's arrival; ſo he ordered to drive to his old lodgings in Bloomſbury, which luckily were vacant. The impatient Sir George followed, with an intention to perſuade him to overlook Lady Mary's caprice, and reſide in Groſvenor-ſquare. Mr. Lindſay begged to decline it on two grounds; his own comfort; and what was of much greater importance, not to give Lady Mary ſo great a cauſe of loſing her temper. The argument was ſhort, for Sir George was ſoon convinced, and what is extraordinary in a young academician, acquieſcence followed conviction.

This

This point ſettled, Mr. Lindſay looked at Sir George with a certain look, and ſaid, "you have given me leave to point out to you an erroneous intention; will you have the goodneſs to bear my accuſing you of erroneous action? This parchment will bear witneſs againſt you. How could you, Sir George," continued he ſmiling, "put it out of your own power to oblige Miſs Colerain, if you ſhould ever find her diſpoſed to be obliged?"

"Becauſe," ſaid Sir George, "ſhe has rejected my kindneſs;—twice rejected it."

"Reſpect her delicacy, Sir George," Mr. Lindſay replied; "attention to decorum is ſo proper, and ſo lovely in women, that philoſophy itſelf can ſcarce condemn it, even when founded upon erroneous notions."

"Your opinion of this lady ſeems changed," ſaid Sir George; "what has cauſed it?"

"No," anſwered Mr. Lindſay; "no, Sir George. I never ſaid any thing perſonal againſt her. It was againſt marriage I ſpoke.

It

It is poſſible I might do you an injury by the advice I gave. But it is not given to man to ſee into futurity. I meant your benefit. As a woman, Miſs Colerain is one of the moſt amiable. As being without family or fortune, improper for you."

"I want not family or fortune," ſaid Sir George.

"No," Mr. Lindſay replied; "the world would chuſe to want them for you; and you have not yet reſolved to brave its opinions."

"Had you uſed no other arguments," ſaid Sir George, "it is poſſible I might have been more governed by inclination. You objected my youth, and ſtill more properly, my ignorance. Let us ſuppoſe now that I was ſeven years older and wiſer, ſhould you then object to my ſeeking my happineſs with Miſs Colerain?"

"Oh, certainly no, Sir George," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "affection that had borne the teſt of ſuch a time muſt be firm. Then alſo, it would have the appearance of being, what indeed

indeed it would be, the reſult of mature deliberation. Now, it would be aſcribed to the impetuoſity of youth."

"Seven years," ſaid Sir George, ſmiling, "is an eternity for a lover."

"I will make you an abatement," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, returning his ſmile, "in favour of love—and Miſs Colerain."

"Say what you will, Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "you have certainly changed ſomething in your ſentiments concerning this lady."

"I always thought her moſt amiable," anſwered Mr. Lindſay. "I have had nothing more than a confirmation of that opinion. They have talked much of her of late. The ladies abuſe her, eſpecially the handſome and faſhionable. So proud, ſhe paid very little attention to the card parties of the firſt families in Southampton. She was not a beauty neither, with all her pride; her forehead was too high, her noſe too concave, her fingers too long. For taſte in dreſs, ſhe had none, abſolutely none; always limping after the faſhion; neither in nor out. So far the

ladies

ladies. The gentlemen joined the ladies in abuſing her for pride. It was true ſhe was a ſweet pretty girl; and there was ſo much neatneſs and propriety about her, that whether in faſhion or out, ſhe always ſeemed the beſt dreſſed lady in company. But d—n her pride, ſhe behaved to me as if ſhe thought no man worthy of her."

"The whole ſecret," ſays Sir John Avery, a reſpectable old gentleman with whom I dined at Merrick's, "is this: Miſs Colerain had the moſt active mind, Mr. Lindſay, you ever knew in woman, and 'was ſeldom pleaſed or ſatisfied, but when ſhe was doing ſomething with this mind, or for it; always advancing in ſome art or ſcience, ſhe was not at her eaſe in the act of doing—nothing. How ſhould the ladies like her?"

"Upon my ſoul, Sir George," continued Mr. Lindſay, "I ſhould bluſh internally at the thoughts of becoming poſſeſſed by law, of Miſs Colerain's right by equity. And what ſhould I do with it? I cannot occupy it; and poverty itſelf ſhould not make me

ſell

ſell it, whilſt I know Miſs Colerain, wandering, unſettled, and diſtreſſed."

"Well," ſaid Sir George, with a moiſtened eye that beamed gratitude upon Lindſay; "I own I have been a penitent in this particular, ever ſince your departure. Theſe deeds you ſhall cancel, and Merrick ſhall make the conveyance to me. Then let us ſee what power leſs than Miſs Colerain's, can take the favoured premiſes from me."

In return, Sir George preſented Mr. Lindſay with a deed of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum for life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

MR. and Mrs. Birimport arrived in town. With this beloved ſiſter, Sir George ſpent many of his hours. He looked often and attentively at her, to ſee if he could find happineſs in her eyes. He did not find poſitive miſery there, nor did he chuſe to aſk queſtions, which might eventually produce it. As to Mr. Birimport, he was almoſt inacceſſible.

Lady Mary Paradyne, as ſhe had loſt many of the moſt valuable years of her live, by living in the country, was determined to make herſelf all poſſible amends. One porter was ſcarce ſufficient to receive, and two footmen

ſootmen to deliver, thoſe important cards and meſſages by which the eſſential buſineſs of greatneſs is conducted. It might have been hoped that ſo much agreeable occupation would have left no room in a lady's mind, for regular and ſyſtematic ill-humour. Every man, whoſe education has not been very ill conducted, has learned to bear the little agreeable aſperities of the gentle ſex, not merely as a neceſſary evil, but as a variety, vaſtly conducive to female embelliſhment, and conſequently to man's felicity. But lady Mary's aſperities were not theſe evaneſcent things; nor could Sir George, though aſſiſted by Lindſay and Seneca, learn to bear them. It was more eaſy to learn to avoid. In conſequence, he was ſeldom at Groſvenor-ſquare, except from twelve at night to twelve at noon; and Lady Mary, fond of repoſe, would ſcarcely give herſelf the trouble to riſe ſo early, more than once or twice a week, for the edification of an ungrateful ſon.

How young gentlemen ſpend that time in London, which mothers do not ſuperintend, my

my fair readers may know as well as myſelf. To taſte, betwixt one and two P. M. the fragrant breath of incenſe breathing morn—to admire with connoiſeural eyes, pictures at an exhibition, or old china at an auction, to lounge in the coffee-houſe, to loiter at the bookſellers, to trifle at the toilette of ſome ſweet Pariſatis, to dreſs, to dine, to ſee ladies at an opera, or the ladies in ————————; theſe things fill up the void of time, till the hours of buſineſs at Brooks's arrive—thoſe charming hours, when dignity takes its nap, when love and ambition ceaſe, when the ſoul is alive to nothing but the animating joys of thouſands loſt or won.

But it happens to ſome young gentlemen, to pick up in the courſe of their education, certain moral and rectitudinal notions, which they cannot diveſt themſelves of all at once. Some little time is required to change, even good habits into bad; ſo that I hope it will form no violent contempt of Sir George's faculties, if it ſhall appear, that he did not, in one winter, learn all the univerſity of Lon-

don can teach; though I own, no univerſity brings forward its genteel pupils with more facility.

One morning Lady Mary having requeſted, by a note, Sir George's company at her breakfaſt table, inſtead of honouring him with admonition as he had expected, ſurpriſed him with the agreeable account that his uncle, Lord Auſchamp, would do him the honour to dine with him that day. Lady Ann Brixworth would be of the party, and a few more ladies and gentlemen, not more than twenty at the utmoſt, for I know my dear, ſaid ſhe, you don't love crowded dinners.

Lady Ann Brixworth was an heireſs, and having received an heireſs's education, was, I ſuppoſe, what every lady of quality aſpires to be—a ſparkler. Few ladies could boaſt ſuperior talents. What ſhe wanted in wit, ſhe compenſated by vivacity; and if her judgment was not of the moſt ſolid kind, ſhe had very white teeth, and the prettieſt pouting lip that could be deſired. Her range of ideas too was as great as that of the generality of peo-

ple

ple of quality, who are not under the neceſſity of ſtudying any thing but trifles; and how to give theſe trifles a brilliancy and diſtinction, which may make them paſs in the world for things of the very firſt importance; a point in which they ſucceed very well.

For the reſt, Lady Ann was not a beauty, and it was well. She had a competent proportion of vanity without that addition. She had danced a minuet with one of the princes of the blood. She had been noticed by the king and queen. Since when, the royal family was the charming topic of her eloquence.

The dinner was well conducted; for Sir George had a good cook, and Lady Mary doing the honours of a genteel table, was perfectly in her element. Very wiſe obſervations were made, both concerning French wines, French ſauces, and French cambrics. After dinner Lady Ann Brixworth took the lead; and having obſerved that the Count palatine of C—— was a well-looking man for a foreigner; that a ſtar was a charming ornament; and that the Duke of Orleans

danced

danced in a princely manner, ſhe made a tranſition to love; and thoſe who were not acquainted with the recent intrigues of the beau monde, became ſo now, in the moſt agreeable manner. Every one ſeemed pleaſed, every one paid a tribute of applauſe to the vivacious Lady Ann, except Sir George Paradyne. He, unfortunately, had ſtumbled into a reverie, occaſioned by a compariſon of Lady Ann Brixworth, the heireſs, the ornament of the beau monde, with Miſs Colerain. Lady Ann was piqued; and as titled beauties uſually aſſume what privilege of language they think proper, ſhe ſaid to Lady Mary Paradyne, in an audible whiſper, "how philoſophic Sir George is to-day, Lady Mary? how judiciouſly he has choſen his time and place for meditation?"

"Sir George bowed, and thanked Lady Ann for her particular notice."

"Oh," ſhe anſwered, "it is not a diſtinction in your favour."

"To be any how diſtinguiſhed by Lady Ann Brixworth," Sir George replied, "is an honour."

"Why

"Why you creature you," ſaid Lady Ann, "I was told you had your firſt eſſay in compliment to make. If this be it, you will make a figure in time. But what is the cauſe one hears ſo ſeldom of you in the ton?"

"It is," Sir George replied, "becauſe I am at preſent only in my A, B, C, and for firſt elements, one does not require ſuch eminent maſters as Lady Ann Brixworth."

"Oh," Lady Ann anſwered, "ſome of our beaux muſt hide their heads, when you come to your primmer.'

"With ſuch a preceptreſs, I ſhould take my learning very faſt," ſaid Sir George.

"And I," anſwered Lady Ann, ſhould be delighted with ſuch a pupil."

The conſequence of this was, that Sir George found himſelf inſenſibly engaged to make one in her ladyſhip's train.

CHAP. XV.

WHEN the company roſe to form their card parties, Lord Auſchamp, whoſe time was too precious to be ſo ſpent, deſired, before his chariot drew up, half an hour's converſation with Sir George in his library; where, when they were ſeated, Lord Auſchamp began gravely thus:

Hitherto, Sir George, I have found it difficult to make you conceive, that I had a more material intereſt in you than mere conſanguinity can give. You have rather ſhunned me as an enemy, than courted me as a friend; but I wiſh not to revive a grievance, or ſay

any

any thing the leaſt diſagreeable, I only wiſh you would obſerve, that your ſucceeding to my coronet is not an improbable circumſtance. Both Lord Willingcourt and the Colonel are devoted to the bottle. I ſcarcely expect the firſt will be able to compleat the grand tour; and there is great feebleneſs in the Colonel's conſtitution. For theſe reaſons, I cannot help conſidering you ſometimes as the probable heir to my eſtate and title, and am therefore the more ſolicitous you ſhould enter the political world under my auſpice."

Sir George imagined he ſaw ſomething concerted and artful in this preamble, and did not doubt but Lord Auſchamp's view was perſonal or political intereſt of ſome ſort or other; he was therefore ſomething prejudiced againſt any propoſition, and determined to be upon his guard. He anſwered, "that if he entered the political world at all, it muſt be under no man's auſpice. He begged his lordſhip would excuſe him in this particular; but he was fixed in the reſolution of never

engaging in political concerns at all; or with perfect freedom of judgment and of action."

"Very well," Lord Auſchamp anſwered, "you will ſee your error one day, but no more of that. How do you like Lady Ann Brixworth?"

Sir George, a little ſtruck by the abrupt oddity of the queſtion, replied, why I don't know, my Lord; very well I believe."

"She is a charming woman, and univerſally admired. You know I was one of her guardians. Her fortune paſſes for one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds, but in reality is not more than one hundred and forty thouſand. I had many ſolicitations for liberty of addreſſing her. I kept them away by management; for to ſay the truth, I thought of her for Lord Willingcourt. She is paſt twenty-one, and ſays ſhe will not marry before twenty-five. I fancy, Sir George, by the help of my influence, you might perſuade her to break that reſolution."

Sir George thanked his uncle, and ſaid, "he found in himſelf no inclination at preſent

ſent to marry. He did not wiſh to depreciate Lady Ann's merit. At preſent he had not perceived in her that ſort of merit to which he was moſt attached; and as he did not want fortune, fortune would be no allurement."

"Young men," Lord Auſchamp ſaid, "think they diſplay a mighty gallant ſpirit of diſintereſtedneſs, by pretending to deſpiſe money. For his part, he thought, a man who knew its uſe, could never have too much. His own fortune was too much confined for the ſupport of his rank and importance. Very often he had found the inconvenience of it. Indeed he had been obliged by ſome great occaſions to dip conſiderably. Nay, he was at that very time under the neceſſity of taking up ten thouſand pounds. He had mentioned this to his ſiſter, who ſaid, ſhe believed Sir George had it in his power to ſerve him."

Sir George replied "he had, and would order that ſum to be ſold out of the funds whenever Lord Auſchamp pleaſed."

"My dear nephew," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, preſſing his hand; I knew you would not refuſe me. Indeed I don't believe there is that thing in my power, which I could refuſe you. Apropos, Mr. B. is dead; one of your members for the borough of Niltown. We had intelligence this morning. If you don't ſtand yourſelf, do me the favour to permit me the next nomination."

"I do not underſtand," replied Sir George, "why you ſhould aſk that as a favour, which under a certain qualification, is the right of all his Majeſty's ſubjects, peers excepted."

"But, ſays Lord Auſchamp, "a ſimple qualification is not ſufficient. He ought to have an intereſt with his conſtituents."

"I think he ought, my Lord," anſwered Sir George.

"This intereſt," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "you can ſupply."

"I have indeed," ſaid Sir George, "much of the property in that borough, but certainly the votes of the inhabitants are not included in it."

"Sir

"Sir George," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "it is not worth your while to ſet up for a virtue the times will not bear. The price of your borough, if you chuſe to ſell it, would be four times the value of your property in it."

"I ſhall never make it an object of venality, my Lord," ſaid Sir George.

"I have known," anſwered Lord Auſchamp, "many young ſtateſmen profeſs this inflexibility of public virtue; not one who did not change it."

"I am ſorry for it," ſaid Sir George, "and wiſh great men better minds."

"Did your Greeks and your Romans," reſumed Lord Auſchamp, "who ſaid theſe fine things, practice them?"

"Once they did," Sir George anſwered.

"I wiſh," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, rather peeviſhly, "I wiſh, Sir George, you would be content to take the world as it is."

"I muſt, my Lord," Sir George anſwered.

"Then," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "you will oblige me in what I aſk?"

"Never, my Lord," anſwered Sir George, with emphaſis that marked his diſpleaſure at the requeſt, "you ſee me ready to accommodate your Lordſhip with what is my own. The free votes of my fellow citizens are not my own."

"Upon honour," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, correcting a little emotion of anger, "you are an inflexible young man. Well,—remember the other point, and do not forget Lady Ann Brixworth; ſo good even."

"Good even my Lord."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE oſtenſible miſtreſs of the houſe in which Lady Ann Brixworth reſided, was a Mrs. Harcourt, widow of a younger brother of family, who, to a ſmall patrimony, having added a place under government, of two thouſand pounds a year, with perquiſites, made a hard ſhift to live.

Mr. Harcourt died, leaving one ſon, a lieutenant in a regiment of foot. His widow, reduced to a revenue of three hundred pounds per annum, managed to live in London with great virtue and diſcretion, about two years, when ſhe found herſelf inſenſibly,

a thouſand pounds in debt, without being able to conceive the poſſibility of ſuch an event.

Juſt at this time Lady Ann Brixworth arrived at twenty-one. She had been placed by her guardians in a reſpectable family who reſided chiefly in the country, but uſually came to London three months in winter, to partake of its diverſions moderately.

Lady Ann had no taſte for moderation. A ſuperficial education, and early flattery, had given her but one paſſion, that of vanity. No ſooner miſtreſs of herſelf and fortune, than ſhe ſought a more abundant gratification of this, than a ſober family allowed. Mrs. Harcourt was a diſtant relation. Lady Ann viſited her when in town, admired her freer manners, and longed to imitate them. She knew her diſtreſſes and relieved them; propoſed an aſſociation of pure friendſhip; and finally ſettled herſelf in a large houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare, under Mrs. Harcourt's auſpicious protection. Here were aſſembled all the innocent pleaſures of the ton—dreſs, cards,

cards, and ſcandal. Under the rank of a Counteſs, ſcarce any lady could boaſt of more crowded routs than Mrs. Harcourt; and no lady could boaſt more conqueſts than Lady Ann Brixworth.

Lady Ann was not an ideot; very far from it. She had to be ſure ſome of the greateſt diſappointments in life, as all ladies have. Her gens de mode would ſometimes rack her with their horrid want of taſte. There were ſome times when her frizeur was no better than a blockhead Engliſhman. Her down bed was ſometimes ſuſpected of being made up of mere gooſes feathers. She herſelf, was apt to be taken of a morning, with a moſt diſtreſſing languor; and her mirror, in the morning alſo, had the unpoliteneſs to reflect an image, ſo unlike that of the preceding evening, ſhe could ſcarce recognize it for her own.

Theſe poiſons of the felicity of the great excepted, and a few, perhaps, which might ariſe from envy, or a little uncharitableneſs, Lady Ann was happy enough. All that ſhe

much deſired, ſhe had. Love, the refined love of the poets and ſentimentaliſts, ſhe knew nothing of. She was a lady in her own right. It was ſcarce in the poſſibility that marriage ſhould enlarge her enjoyments; it was much more probable it might diminiſh or controul them.

So at preſent thought Lady Ann; and Mrs. Harcourt, who knew well the value of ſuch a way of thinking, endeavoured to ſtrengthen it by frequent converſation; railed at the laws for giving ſuch unreaſonable power to man, and collected ſtories of all the moroſe huſbands and poor diſtreſſed wives within the bills of mortality.

Such was the enviable ſituation of Lady Ann Brixworth, when Sir George Paradyne inliſted himſelf in her train; and ſoon acquired a diſtinguiſhed preference over his rivals in gallantry. To him was now given the honour of her hand to the chariot, and a ſeat next herſelf in the box; but the moſt enviable of all his diſtinc-

tions,

tions, was admiſſion to the early part of her toilette, before ſhe was viſible to the admiring world.

" This partiality on the ſide of the fair lady, and ſome little aſſiduity on the part of the gentleman, produced the uſual effects. It began to be clear that the reign of gallantry was near its cloſe, and that Sir George was the happy man. The newſpapers ventured to announce it to the univerſe; and Sir George received the congratulations of Lord Auſchamp, and ſomething of the ſame nature from Lady Mary; but accompanied with a ſtately remonſtrance for the manifeſt omiſſion of filial duty, in entering into ſo important an engagement without her conſent.

Lady Ann herſelf had not the leaſt doubt but her conqueſt was compleat. Her only debate was, whether ſhe ſhould give up her darling liberty, even to the amiable Sir George Paradyne. It was indeed true, that Sir George had not yet actually made the eſſential declaration; but it was becauſe love, true love, was timid; and timidity ſtill made

a part

a part of Sir George's character. About this, ſhe gave herſelf no pain. All that oppoſed her growing inclination, were vanity, and Mrs. Harcourt.

To Sir George, it were captivating, no doubt, to carry away a prize diſputed by coronets. What young man could reſiſt ſuch a gratification of his vanity? For the reſt, the more he appreciated the merits of Lady Ann Brixworth, the leſs he was inclined to enter with her into any ties, but thoſe of gallantry. Compariſons would enter his head, even when he was little diſpoſed to make them; and Miſs Colerain only roſe the higher in Sir George's ſcale of eſtimation, the oftener theſe compariſons were made.

Amongſt Sir George's rivals we muſt reckon Count Colliano of Turin, and the Marquis de Valine in Dauphinè. Not that they could form to themſelves any probability of ſucceſs in ſuch a ſuit, but not having in their own countries, fortunes ſuitable to their titles, they thought it better to travel, and diſpoſe themſelves to receive the favours of fortune

fortune in any place, or in any form. Men of infinite courage, they would have fought for Lady Ann from the Rhone to the Po; but their buſineſs in England depended upon their politeneſs, they did not chuſe to offend any man, much more a man of Sir George's importance. I muſt indeed, do juſtice to their courteous humanity; they were always readier to play than fight. In this humour they were liberally indulged at Mrs. Harcourt's, and together with Sir George and Lieutenant Harcourt, a gay careleſs lad, with a blunt humourous oddity about him, conſtituted that ſeat of familiar viſitants, in whoſe favour, the ceremonies which keep the polite world at ſuch a well bred diſtance, were diſpenſed with.

The free and odd good humour of the young lieutenant, was extremely pleaſing to Sir George Paradyne. An intimacy commenced betwixt them, which might be called a friendſhip; not ſo ſtrong as that of Pylades and Oreſtes, but pretty well, conſidering times.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

FOR my part, ſays the Count one day, when theſe four gentlemen were en famille with Lady Ann and Mrs. Harcourt, it was in anſwer to a humane ſentiment which had fallen from Sir George; For my part, I do not known why ſo much ſenſibility ſhould be laviſhed upon the Canaille. The common herd want nothing more than mere animal gratification."

"If they are ſatisfied with that," ſaid Sir George, "it is a pity no government will contrive they ſhould have it with rather leſs labour, and in ſomething greater abundance."

"It

" It is abſolutely neceſſary," the Marquis obſerved, " that the greater part of mankind ſhould labour; or how ſhould the finer ſpirits invent and enjoy all the arts of elegance."

" The finer ſpirits, according to your theſis, Monſieur le Marquis," ſaid Sir George, " muſt be all thoſe who happen to be born to affluence."

" Sans doute," the Marquis replied, " religion teaches us that heaven has its elect, upon whom it ſhowers down all earthly bleſſings. If I happen to be one of theſe elect, ought I not to enjoy the bounties of heaven. My Chateau is upon the fineſt ſpot in all Dauphinè; the fineſt province in the world; upon the banks of the Rhone, the grandeſt river in the univerſe. My hills are covered with vines, my paſtures with flocks, the golden grain waves through the whole extent of my domains. On the one hand I have Lyons, famous for its labours to adorn beauty, on the other Marſeilles, where a thouſand veſſels pour out the wealth of the Eaſt. What then? is it incumbent upon me to take care

that

that my horſes, cows, hogs, and peaſants, ſhould fare as well as myſelf?"

"By no means," ſaid the Lieutenant; "humanity is an accidental circumſtance in a man's diſpoſition, perfectly unnatural, and not too frequent. It is not incumbent upon any man to have it, but it is, to have the fineſt chateau in the univerſe, if he can get it. Yours is in Gaſcony, you ſay?"

"Pardonnez moi, Monſieur Harcourt," ſaid the marquis; "no, in Dauphinè."

"Indeed!" ſaid the Lieutenant; "nay, I own my want of geography. I thought all this ſort of French Chateaus had been in Gaſcony."

The Marquis did not bluſh, nor attempt to put himſelf in a paſſion at this groſs miſtake of the Lieutenant's, which many a man would have done, nor was he in haſte to anſwer; ſo that it gave the Count time to ſlip in, and perform the Italian gaſconade, which he did very much to the ſatisfaction of the ladies.

He allowed that the Marquis's chateau was raviſhingly beautiful; but for the grand and majeſtic,

majeſtic, he muſt beg leave to prefer his houſe upon St. Salvadore's Hill. Turin to the North, Genoa to the Eaſt, and the Mediterranean to the South. What mortal Eye ever ſaw ſuch a ſituation, pour la beauté pittoreſque!

The Count and the Marquis thus proceeded to praiſe their reſpective countries, their chateaus, each other, and themſelves. Mrs. Harcourt expreſſed her admiration by declaring, "that were ſhe young and rich, ſhe ſhould of all things like to travel and ſee ſuch charming places."

"So," ſaid the Lieutenant," ſhould I—if they were to be ſeen."

"Sir," ſays the Marquis.

"Sir," ſays the Count.

"A little of the embelliſhment," cries the Lieutenant, "muſt be allowed to travellers, and a little more for lovers.

"It is well, Monſieur le Capitain," ſaid the Marquis; "I imagined you thought proger to queſtion the exiſtence of my chateau in Dauphinè."

"Oh

"Oh no," replied the Lieutenant, "I could not poſſibly be ſo unpolite; could I, Lady Ann?"

"You can be careleſs, Harcourt," Lady Ann anſwered.

"And cannot you, my dear Lady Ann?" aſked the Lieutenant. "Not," continued he, "that I deſire to abridge the privileges of the rich and fair; and their's it has been, ever ſince I can remember, to be careleſs, not only of what they ſay themſelves, but of what others ſay of them."

Lady Ann gave her head the quality toſs.

"Are there human beings," aſked the Count, "who can ſpeak of Lady Ann Brixworth, but in terms of approbation?"

"If I knew any ſuch!" ſaid the Marquis.

"People may be careleſs of what they ſay ſometimes," ſaid Harcourt.

"Will you, in your cenſorial gravity," ſaid Lady Ann, "be pleaſed to inform me what they ſay, or rather what you ſay for them?"

"Me, Lady Ann! this accuſation of me, your devoted ſlave! how could you, dear Lady

Lady Ann, ſay any thing ſo immenſely cruel. Me, who have adored you openly for many months, and ſighed in ſecret for years; me, whom cruel love has waſted to ſkin and bone! Dear Lady Ann, when will you put an end to my torments?"

"Impertinent!" ſaid Lady Ann.

"Oh! but I know not whether impertinent means next week or next month; however, I am devoted to your will, and ready whenever you pleaſe to call."

"Stay till then," anſwered ſhe.

"Yes, Lady Ann; but for pity's ſake don't let it be long. Think what happineſs you are preparing for me and yourſelf by ſo judicious a choice. Delays are dangerous; young men volatile. Where can you expect to meet with another lover like me? one that would indulge you ſo readily in all your pious wiſhes. Your two hundred thouſand pounds, added to my three and ſix-pence a day, will provide us with all the decent comforts of life. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, I know you deſpiſe as I do. I know how you

you pant after piety, and wiſh to exchange your cards for prayer-books. I am not a man to refuſe you the indulgence of ſuch reaſonable wiſhes."

"I wiſh, Charles," ſaid Mrs. Harcourt, "you would not indulge yourſelf in ſuch wild unprofitable talk."

The Lieutenant had taken out his watch. "I make it an abſolute point to obey you, madam," ſaid he, riſing. "But dear Lady Ann, let the words you have this day heard, be engrafted in your heart; and ſo adieu, adieu, adieu."

As Sir George had an appointment this morning, he roſe alſo, and taking leave, went out with the young officer; to whom he ſaid, "you have ſurpriſed me to-day, Harcourt. Is it that you diſlike the Count and Marquis, that you have made this attack upon them to-day?

"I had not much reverence for them I own," ſaid the Lieutenant, "and this mornings' rodomontade had not ſerved to increaſe it."

"Oh!

"Oh! forgive them this little fault," ſaid Sir George, "they are men of politeneſs, and not deficient in underſtanding. But perhaps you conſider them as lovers. You are not afraid either of them ſhould carry off Lady Ann?"

"I know, I think," ſaid the Lieutenant, "one who has it in his power to prevent it. May I take the liberty to aſk you a queſtion, Sir George?"

"I am rather offended that you aſk that liberty," anſwered Sir George. "We are friends, I hope."

"It is," replied the Lieutenant, "my pride to think ſo. Has Lady Ann attached your heart?"

"No, Harcourt," anſwered Sir George.

"Do you deſign her your hand?" aſked the other.

"I have no ſuch deſign," replied Sir George.

"You are here then purely for amuſement?" ſaid the Lieutenant.

"Purely," Sir George anſwered; "one muſt be ſomewhere."

"I own," ſaid Harcourt, "I do not admire the academy, though my mother is profeſſor. You play; may I aſk with what ſucceſs?"

"One would not win money of ladies," ſaid Sir George, "that would not be to make one's ſelf agreeable; and as to the foreigners, I own they are much my ſuperiors."

"I dare ſay they are," ſaid Harcourt, "have you loſt much?"

"Not above a thouſand or ſo," Sir George replied.

"A thouſand! ah, Sir George!" exclaimed the officer.

"Why yes, Lindſay has been at his ah's too," ſaid Sir George. "To ſay truth, I am not well pleaſed with myſelf. I hoped I ſhould have deteſted gaming. I think I ſhould have reſiſted all temptations from man. Fielding, who has the rage, has never been able

able to ſeduce my virtue; but women,—lovely women.—

"Ah," ſaid Harcourt, "beware of men, and eſpecially of Counts and Marquiſſes, who have ſplendid chateaus. Be cautious, and forgive my impertinence."

CHAP. XVIII.

SIR GEORGE's appointment was to meet a Mr. Sampſon at Mr. Birimport's. He had taken ſome pains to cultivate the friendſhip of his ſiſter's huſband; but Mr. Birimport was generally inacceſſible. Never ſeen at any of the theatres, at any coffee-houſe, or

any rout. This Sir George attributed to buſineſs, to a ſoul ſuperior to the arts of trifling, and capable of drawing amuſement from its own fund. But Mrs. Birimport was become a recluſe alſo; and for this Sir George could not account. Friday morning was a kind of levee day with Mr. Birimport, when he condeſcended to be viſible to his moſt intimate friends for one hour. Some weeks before Sir George had happened to be preſent at one of theſe hours; when this Mr. Sampſon ſpoke with ſome acrimony, not only againſt Mr. Haſtings, but againſt the whole ſyſtem of Eaſt India corruption.

Mr. Birimport, who chanced to be in one of his talking humours, ſaid, " it was now no longer neceſſary to have been in India, to be thoroughly acquainted with its accumulating miſeries. The orators of the Houſe of Commons have furniſhed a copious ſupply to our coffee-houſes and taverns; all reſound with complaints of peculation unnoticed, and inhumanity uncurbed. I, who have been upon the ſpot, ſee with different eyes.

eyes. To me, this ferocious delinquent, now at the bar of the Lords, appears to have received from heaven an uncommon portion of wiſdom, and to have uſed it politically for the ſervice of his country; and as far as his influence extended, benevolently for the ſervice of mankind. I have known his cares, watchings, ſolicitudes; I have known his magnanimity, and I have ſaid, "certainly this man has ſupernatural powers."

"But," ſays his enemies, "the people are oppreſſed." Yes, with eaſe, plenty, and indulgence. "He murdered Nundcomar." Yes by law. "His crimes were as black as his hue; a money-griping raſcal, who betrayed his friends, and, for half a lack of rupees, would have betrayed himſelf."

"What a coil," continued Mr. Birimport, "they kept about the Begums; fooliſh and vain women, always deſirous to raiſe diſturbances; and puling, like the reſt of their ſilly ſex, when they found themſelves perfectly inconſequential."

" Sir George ſtole a glance at his ſiſter, who did not appear to notice this polite compliment.

" And," Mr. Birimport continued, " they rail at Haſtings for taking bribes; as if it was incongruous in the nature of things, to receive a reward for performing a ſervice. Are bribes and recompences then the ſame things? let them look round in their own aſſembly; there are amongſt them, I apprehend, men who know the intrinſic difference.

" But Mr. Haſtings was diſobedient to the orders of the directors. The devil muſt have been in him, if he was not. One ſhip orders him to the right, another to the left. Their public letters all ſermonics, preaching over the ten commandments. The private, Euge, well done, thou good and faithful ſervant; enter thou into the joys of thy lords."

This harangue Mr. Sampſon anſwered with a ſmile, and riſing to go; the reſt of the company alſo roſe and took leave. Sir George ſaid to Mr. Sampſon, as they walked,

" Mr.

"Mr. Birimport has been quite eloquent this morning; and is, I perceive, a moſt determined ſupporter of Mr. Haſtings."

"He is not always loquacious," ſaid Mr. Sampſon, "nor always a defender of this gentleman. If I ſhould meet you there again, Sir George, it may be in my power to ſhew him you as the accuſer of Mr. Haſtings, and the declaimer againſt Indian politics."

Since this time Sir George had always taken a very polite notice of Mr. Sampſon, and they had agreed to meet at Mr. Birimport's this morning, and to dine together in Groſvenor-ſquare.

A gentleman preſent, at Mr. Sampſon's private requeſt, began an harangue in praiſe of Mr. Haſtings, of whom he made a demi-god; to abuſe the managers of the Houſe of Commons, came in courſe; and he concluded by drawing a flattering picture of India proſperity, and the ſuperior happineſs of the inhabitants under our government, compared with that under the native princes.

" If Sir George thought Mr. Birimport eloquent before, he thought him more ſo now. Whether panegyric be a leſs potent ſubject for oratory than ſatire; or whether theſe were his true ſentiments,—this gentleman was now warm, animated, and pathetic: he painted Mr. Haſtings's delinquency in the blackeſt colours; drew the wretched condition of the natives under our government; did not ſpare the directors; and had very little complaiſance for the board of controul.

Lady Mary happened to dine out, and as Sir George had no other company, he had opportunity to make what inquiries he thought proper of Mr. Sampſon, reſpecting his brother-in-law.

" I am ſorry," ſaid he, " to ſee Mr. Birimport ſo immerſed in buſineſs. He has no time for friendſhip and ſocial enjoyment.

Mr. Sampſon replied, " That it would be more proper to ſay, he had no taſte for them. His firſt paſſion is to be a man of importance. His neceſſary buſineſs lies now in ſmall compaſs;

paſs; his humour is to be thought to have a great deal.

"A man of his good ſenſe," ſaid Sir George, "might keep up his importance, and probably increaſe it, by mixing more with mankind."

"That I do not know," Mr. Sampſon anſwered: "he has good ſenſe no doubt; but has not variety of knowledge. In the Eaſt he acquired more things than money. A habit of command, which he can ſcarce remember to lay aſide when ſpeaking to free people. An overbearing pride, which renders it neceſſary to his own happineſs, to be always the dictator of the company.——It is perhaps to ſome little affronts he has received, on account of too magiſterial a behaviour, that his inacceſſibility is owing. He muſt domineer ſome where. Engliſhmen will not let him do it abroad; ſo he ſtays at home to indulge himſelf in this humour."

Sir George trembled for his ſiſter, "I ſuppoſe then," ſaid he, "his domeſtics have not the eaſieſt of lives with him."

"You ſhall hear," ſaid Mr. Sampſon. "I wanted a ſervant. A Scotſman applied, who told me he was leaving Mr. Birimport. We agreed on terms, but I required a character. Mr. Macreith brought me one next day in theſe terms: 'The bearer is an honeſt man for any thing I know; with more learning than is wanted for a valet de chambre; and more pride than is required for any ſervice.' Signed T. B."

"I ſuppoſe," ſays I, "Mr. Mackreith, you owe the loſs of Mr. Birimport's place and favour to this pride he ſpeaks of here."

"Indeed I do," ſaid the Scotſman. "Weel as my countrymen are ſaid to bear ſlavery, I found Mr. Birimport's too heavy. The Eaſt has ſpoiled his eye-ſight; ſo that he canno ken the deefference between a free mon and a ſlave."

"Mr. Macreith," ſaid I, "your notions may be too free to bear ſervitude in any degree?"

"Sir," anſwered my learned valet, "I canno anſwar that queſtion, tull I get a definition

nition o' ſervitude. As ſoon as I left ſchool, I became footman in Lord Glencairn's family; I roſe to be his gentlemon, or valet de chambre. I ay conſidered this to be a contract betwixt my lord and myſell; on his part, to find me ſubſiſtence, and a ſma' ſpell o' money over; on mine, to perform the offices that are implied in the names of footman and valet de chambre."

"It is," ſaid I, "the true idea. How long did you live with Lord Glencairn?"

"Eleven years and three months," Mr. Macreith ſaid, "and he diſſolved the contract by dying in my arms. I loved him," continued this honeſt fellow, the tears ſpringing from his eyes, "I loved him muckle weel. He was my countryman, and did na' take it amiſs that I had a ſmattering o' leetters.

"And Mr. Birimport did, I ſuppoſe?" ſaid I.

"Indeed and he did," replied Macreith, "and many a foul taunt I had on this hede. This I ſhould na' ha' minded, gin I could ha' ſpeered his humour; but that was abóon my

abilities, tho' I took leſſon o' phyſiognomy from Mr. Lavater himſelf, as I ſtood behind his chair; for he dined often with Lord Glencairn, who lived at Lauſanne three years; but the lines of Mr. Birimport's face, and the bones of his ſcull too, deceived me ten times a day. His body is broken doon, and I could have pitied him for that wi' all my heart, gin his mind had na' been lifted aboon aw reaſonable height; but it is no eaſy taſk to learn to plaiſe a mon who has na' learned to plaiſe himſell. There is na' eend of his variability. King Solomon could na' ha' ſpoken wiſer than he, when right in his hede; nor any king mare like a fu' when the blue deels are about him."

"Hypochondriaciſm is a true diſeaſe, Mr. Macreith," ſaid I, "and deſerves our pity and relief."

"I ſhould na' deny his right to compaſſion," Macreith replied, "gin his poours o' plaguing his domeſtics were exerted ainly when he ſuffered himſell. Ane day he ſent his groom to Smithfield with an auld coach horſe;

horſe; and I was ſent after with orders to ſell him for ten pounds. I did ſo, and twa mare. I laid him down the money, and expected applauſe at leaſt.——And ſo, ſir, ſays he, you have preſumed to diſobey my orders?

"As hoo, ſir," I aſked.

"I think ſir?" ſays he, "I ordered you to ſell the horſe for ten pounds."

"Sure enough you did ſir," ſays I.

"And you ſold them for twelve?" ſaid he.

"Sure enough I did," anſwered I.

"Then, ſir, for the future, I requeſt that you will learn preciſion in your duty, and obey me according to the letter."

"Sure enough I will, Sir," ſaid I, "in aw ſic like caſes."

Ane fine froſty mairn, he had choſen to walk doon to Leadenhall-ſtreet. A thaw came on, wi' ſnaw and ſleet. So I ſent the chariot to bring him hame; and ſure enough it did. He ſent for me into his preſence, and ſaid,—you know his way, ſir,—"By what authority, ſir, did you preſume to ſend

cut the chariot." I could ha' ſaid, by my miſtreſs's; for I had her approbation; but I ſuppreſſed this, for I ken'd well ſhe had enough of the like ſort of her ain: So I anſwered, I thought ſir, on ſic an occaſion, a little care o' my maſter would na' be taken amiſs."

"Sir," ſays he, "you are here to act; not to think. I deſire to inſtruct you, Mr. Macreith, if you are not too learned for inſtruction, that I wiſh nobody to take the trouble of thinking here, but myſelf. It is ſufficient that I aſſign you and the reſt of my domeſtics, the executive power; the legiſlative I chuſe myſelf."

"I could not help laughing at this, which encouraged my talkative valet; who continued thus:"

"One day he ordered me into Wapping, with a meſſage to the captain of a veſſel. The day was cold and moiſt, and I had happened to take a little mercurial phyſic: I told him ſo, hoping the commiſſion might be deferred till next day."

"And ſo, ſir," ſays he, "you have been taking mercury."

"Yes, ſir," I anſwered, "but for no ſhameful diſorder: I aſſure you it is what the apothecary pleaſed to give me for a little inward complaint."

"Then, ſir," ſays he, "I muſt take the liberty to tell you, and your apothecary, and your phyſician too, if you pleaſe to have one, that no domeſtic of mine ſhall take phyſic, but by my preſcription."

CHAP. XIX.

SIR George, after this converſation, could not be eaſy till he had ſeen his ſiſter; till he had related a part of it, and expreſſed his fears that ſhe was leſs happy than ſhe ought to be.

"My

" My dear brother," Mrs. Birimport anſwered, " do not be alarmed on my account; I ſhall do very well. It is true, I miſtook Mr. Birimport. His good ſenſe I took for an indication of all the virtues, I might very well diſpenſe with ſome accompliſhments. But, my dear Sir George, Mr. Birimport is rather an odd than an ill man. His caprices are partly the effect of infirmity, and partly of that tyranny which is ſaid to be ſo eaſily learned in the Eaſt. However, were he much worſe than he is, I am his wife, and know my duty.

" But, my dear ſiſter," ſaid Sir George, " one ſees you no where. You do not partake of the pleaſures of ſociety, by way of compenſation for diſagreeable hours at home. I ſuppoſe Mr. Birimport has commanded this; and you think it your duty to obey."

Mrs. Birimport aſſured Sir George, that he was miſtaken in his ſuppoſition. " I go," ſays ſhe, " where I pleaſe, without Mr. Birimport's interference. Only at may return, he is apt to make very ſenſible and keen

keen obſervations, on the nature of pleaſure and diſſipation; which, in order to avoid, I chuſe to ſtay at home. After all, I may perhaps be benefited by the deprivation, and taught to depend upon my own proper energies for happineſs; a leſſon which moſt fine ladies, like myſelf, might poſſibly learn with advantage; and who knows but the little impediments thrown in the way of our inclinations may not be benefits in diſguiſe."

Sir George was, undoubtedly, pleaſed with the rectitude and magnanimity of his ſiſter's ſentiments. Embracing her tenderly, he conjured her not to ſuffer too much; and depend upon his affection for relief, whenever ſhe found it expedient to ſeek it.

Full of the ſubject, he ſpoke of it to Lady Mary, who wondered what Mrs. Birimport had to complain of. It was well known that ſhe herſelf had been cooped up in the country twenty years, deprived of all the elegant pleaſures. Mrs. Birimport could enjoy them all; and all ſhe had to pay for the enjoyment, was a ſarcaſm. What was that, to what ſhe had

had endured from Sir Jeffery's violence; and every body knew how ſubmiſſive ſhe had been to all his arbitrary commands. This was a ſecret, however, unknown to Sir Jeffery himſelf.

CHAP. XX.

THE ſpring was approaching, and Sir George did not ſee its approach with infinite pleaſure. It was deſtined to carry him from London, where, under the auſpices of Mr. Fielding, he began to taſte the animated joys which are to be obtained by ſhaking two cubes of ivory in a box. This was Mr. Fielding's,

Fielding's firſt and greateſt pleaſure; to this ſucceeded, as the ſecond in eſtimation, wine; and to wine, women. In my mind this was inverting the order of things; but this gentleman was not of my mind; nor I, thank heaven and lovely women, of his.

Though ghoſts and apparitions have fled this guilty land, and left it to its fate, there are ſtill phantoms which trouble the repoſe of young men, at their firſt entrance into a courſe of guilty pleaſure. If he ſipped of animation at Weltjie's; Minerva, in the ſhape of Lindſay, would purſue him by day; if he taſted the unhallowed fruit of ſome Mrs. Sinclair, connubial Juno, in the ſoftening majeſty of Miſs Colerain, haunted him by night. But for Miſs Colerain, Lady Ann Brixworth's empire over Sir George, might have extended beyond his vanity: Some brilliant Circe might have mingled for him the enchanted cup, which transforms a man into—a man of mode.

If it was the lot of mankind to find its felicity in thoſe glittering things which make all people

people happy, but thoſe who have them; of what would Lady Ann Brixworth have had to complain? Of nothing—but the want of ſomething elſe; a want, extremely apt to get to bed to very great men, and very fine women; nay—to kings and queens.

Notwithſtanding the firm reſolution Lady Ann had made to enjoy the world a few years in perfect freedom? there was a ſomething in Sir George which ſeemed to diminiſh the value of this perfect freedom. She knew, indeed, that he was devoted to her; no man could be more ſo; yet he had never talked of love. What this could be owing to, but the timidity which a genuine paſſion always inſpires, ſhe could not conceive. As a proof of her divinity, ſhe found this timidity extremely agreeable; but it had become troubleſome by its duration; and as Sir George began to talk of the continent, Lady Ann thought it expedient to inſpire him with confidence; for which purpoſe ſhe took ſome very proper and genteel pains, which expoſed her elegant perſon to more of thoſe little pleaſ-

ing,

ing, gallant liberties, than are allowed in any of the preſent codes of female decorums.

One day Sir George, not in the timid reſpectful way, but in a moſt aſſuming and confident manner, dared to raviſh a kiſs; which, all the world knows, is a moſt ſhocking impropriety, and muſt of neceſſity kindle a fierce and terrible anger in a young lady's boſom. Lady Ann's beat tumultuouſly. She raiſed her delicate arm, to puniſh the audacious outrage. It overthrew the guilty baronet upon a ſofa. Men in falling, catch any thing. Sir George caught the lady's waiſt; and poor dear Lady Ann fell upon the ſofa alſo. There are bodies in nature which kindle as they fall; but of that nature, ours cannot be. Nothing paſſed upon the ſofa,—— no, certainly nothing——cenſurable by cannon laws,——or any laws, but thoſe of a refined delicacy,—and yet Lady Ann was angry,—monſtrous angry, and called Sir George very hard names.

But the dear gentle ſex cannot be long under the influence of the ſtormy paſſions. Sir George

George had the pleaſure to ſee the laſt ſparks of anger fly from her lovely eyes. Some other expreſſion filled them! when, turning them upon Sir George, ſhe ſaid, "Monſter! how could you treat me with ſo little ceremony!"

Sir George did not endeavour to vindicate himſelf: That was impoſſible. He only laid the fault upon the force of her beauty;—upon the power of her charms. "My dear Lady Ann," ſaid he, "there are moments when you are irreſiſtible. If the cupids will lie in ambuſh about that lovely boſom,—will wanton upon thoſe charming lips, have I not a right to ſeize my enemies, wherever they may lie concealed.

"You wretch," ſays ſhe, "it is plain what you want. It is to draw me into marriage before my time, and againſt my will."

Sir George aſſured her he had no ſuch deſign.

"Nay," ſays ſhe, "I muſt confeſs, my partial inclinations have long been yours."

Sir

Sir George began to recover the timidity of his character very faſt, and to feel himſelf look as ſimple as Lady Ann could wiſh.

" I did indeed wiſh to have enjoyed my freedom a few years longer; and I could have preſerved it againſt all mankind but you," continued Lady Ann. " But you are born to be my fate, you wretch; ſo take my hand, and——

Who can refuſe a lady's hand? Sir George did take it,—but mechanically.—It did not make the heart vibrate with pleaſure,—it only made the head feel—" like a ſmoke jack,"—and gave his face a fine air of fatuity.

Lady Ann ſaw this vacancy of intelligence, in Sir George's aſpect, and attributed it to the ſudden manifeſtation of her own kindneſs: She ſaw him overwhelmed, deprived of the power of ſpeech, and exulted in the force of her charms. But ſhe had not contemplated this agreeable ſpectacle half a minute, when Mrs. Harcourt

court rapped at her dreſſing-room door, to inform her, that Miſs Chittick and Lady Bridget Waterword waited to have the pleaſure of ſeeing her.

"You wretch!" ſays ſhe, adjuſting herſelf in the glaſs, "come lead me down." Sir George obeyed this welcome command. He took her hand. It did not tremble, as it ought to have done, conſidering how this delicate confeſſion ſhould have diſordered the nervous ſyſtem. He led her into the ladies; then, remembering an appointment, took his leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

SIR George Paradyne now found it abſolutely neceſſary to think; for which purpoſe he haſtened to Groſvenor-ſquare, precipitated himſelf into his library, and then prepared himſelf for intenſity of cogitation in an eaſy chair.

Man, as all orthodox people know, is an animal perfectly maſter of himſelf. His volition is quite at his own diſpoſal. His ideas come at command, and follow each other exactly in the order he preſcribes; of all this, Sir George was well convinced, for he had pleaded the cauſe of liberty and free will, againſt

againſt the few advocates for neceſſity, which were to be found at Oxford; and againſt Lindſay, who was unfortunately tainted by this heretic and abominable doctrine. It vexed and ſurpriſed him therefore to find, that in the preſent critical emergency, his truſty and obedient ideas, had ſet up the ſtandard of rebellion. However, like a wiſe prince, he took the beſt poſſible method to reduce them to their duty; not by hanging and quartering, but by going to ſleep, out of which he was elevated by a ſummons to dinner.

At this dinner Sir George was not diſpoſed to talk; nor Lady Mary either, till the fourth glaſs of Maderia had revived her drooping ſpirits. Then ſhe found means to inform Sir George that this was her night; and to let him know, in the moſt acrimonious terms our language will permit, how void he was of filial duty, never to attend theſe her routs. It is true, Lady Mary's lectures had now arrived at their ne plus ultra of perfection; they no longer hurt Sir George. At every opportu-

opportunity, he knew they must come, as certainly as fate; he therefore gave his imagination leave to wander, and was often rewarded for his dutiful intention, by delightful reveries, in which Miss Colerain formed the principle object.

This night, however, not knowing what better to do, he attended Lady Mary's route, which he was surprised to find so fashionable and splendid. Lady Ann was there in all the insignia of wealth and beauty. No cloud was upon *her* brow, nor did she appear to have fallen asleep with the agitation of thinking: Oh, you wretch! said she, who expected to have found your philosophy at a route? come, you shall be at my table; I will absolutely engage you at whist the whole evening, at guinea points, to punish you for all your sins. Sir George admired, bowed, and obeyed.

On his pillow the next morning, Sir George found his mental powers more his own, but not sufficiently capacious to comprehend all Lady Ann. Of having said, or

deſigned to ſay, any thing but what modern gallantry permits, or perhaps demands, he entirely acquitted himſelf. On what then could her notions be founded? Did ſhe draw them from Lord Auſchamp, or from Lady Mary? could there be deſign in Lady Ann's conduct? Was ſhe an actreſs?

A month was wanting of the time fixed for Sir George's continental tour, and nothing was yet arranged. But ſince little indiſcretions were likely to be attended with claims upon his affection or his honour, it was beſt to avoid little indiſcretions. He could not ſtay in London without ſeeing Lady Ann; it was therefore beſt to leave it, repair to his country ſeat, and there prepare for his journey.

The ſame day he reſpectfully acquainted Lady Mary with his intention, at the ſame time requeſting her to make uſe of his town or country houſe, at the expence, if ſhe pleaſed, of half his annual income. This was perfectly agreeable to Lady Mary; nor did ſhe once queſtion him concerning the cauſe of this ſudden reſolution, ſo ſatisfied was ſhe with the effect.

Common

Common politeneſs required that Sir George ſhould take leave of Lady Ann, and the fear of indiſcretions made him wiſh it might be not ſolus cum ſola; ſo he called at Mr. Harcourt's lodging, and fortunately found him at home. To Sir George's requeſt of walking with him to Mrs. Harcourt's, he anſwered, "that he came moſt opportunely; for he was going there to thank Lady Ann Brixworth for a Captain's commiſſion, which had been given him that morning unſolicited and unexpected. He ſaid, he knew the government of the army too well, to ſuppoſe that favour would be conferred upon him without intereſt; nor, amongſt the number of his friends, could he imagine any one, except his fair and opulent relation, Lady Ann, likely to think of him unaſked."

Lady Ann was in her dreſſing-room, where the gentlemen were admitted on ſending up their names. "I am come ſaid Sir George, "to take leave of Lady Ann for three long years, and to thank her for the many agreeable hours ſpent in her ſociety."

"And I," ſays the Captain, "to thank her for my future hours, which her kindneſs will enable me to enjoy more at my eaſe."

"And I, gentlemen," ſaid Lady Ann, "ſhall have my thanks to pay, if you will be ſo good to tell the meaning of this odd addreſs."

"I really have no meaning," ſaid Sir George, "but what my words import. A circumſtance relative to a friend, has anticipated the time of my going abroad. I leave town to-day."

Lady Ann bluſhed. A bluſh of anger, perhaps, or of diſdain.

"The import of my words," ſaid Harcourt, "is very ſincerely to thank Lady Ann for my Captain's commiſſion, which I have this morning received; and to dedicate my ſword and its owner to her ſervice."

"As to you, Harcourt," replied Lady Ann, "you always rattle; ſo there is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe you have any meaning whatever. To Sir George," added ſhe, with an air of diſdain, "I have only to wiſh

bon voyage; and if he finds honour put up to ſale at any foreign markets, to recommend the purchaſe of a little, for his own uſe."

"Is it that you think me deficient, Lady Ann?" ſaid Sir George.

"It muſt be my endeavour," anſwered Lady Ann, "not to think of Sir George Paradyne."

Captain Harcourt was aſtoniſhed to ſee Lady Ann?" alternately pale and red, and walked backwards and forwards with indignant majeſty, whilſt Sir George had the air of a man confuſed. Recovering himſelf, he ſaid, "If I have offended Lady Ann by any particular inadvertency, I aſk her pardon. My general behaviour, I am confident, warrants no ſuch charge againſt me; nor can I patiently endure the imputation, even from a lady."

"It would have been better not to have merited it," ſaid Lady Ann.

"I have not," anſwered Sir George, ſimply.

"Oh!" ſays Lady Ann, "it is very eaſy for gentlemen to make miſtakes upon this head. To me, Sir George Paradyne ſtands open and confeſt; I wiſh I could ſay, for the virtues of honour and ſincerity."

"It is not for me," replied Sir George, to diſpute a lady's prerogative, eſpecially that of liberty of ſpeech. Nor can it be agreeable to bear reproaches which my heart tells me I have not deſerved."

"Your heart," cried Lady Ann, with emotion, "have you a heart?"

"Peace and happineſs to Lady Ann Brixworth," ſaid Sir George, bowing; "as long as I have a heart, that will be one of its warmeſt wiſhes." So ſaying, Sir George haſtily withdrew.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THERE is no thinking well in the ſtreets of Weſtminſter; but the park, when it is not high mall, affords tolerable opportunity. He could not find in his heart to be angry at Lady Ann Brixworth, the cauſe of her reſentment was too flattering to his vanity; but if there aroſe in his mind, ſentiments of pity in her favour, which inclined him to heſitate, before he decided abſolutely againſt an union with an opulent young heireſs, who had ever confeſſed an affection for him; it was oppoſed by her vanity, her love of play, her want of ſolid accompliſhment, and Miſs Colerain.

For the idea of this lady was perpetually intruding amongſt his other ideas, without any ſort of right, much againſt Sir George's will, and ſometimes to his diſpleaſure.

When he returned to Groſvenor-ſquare, he found a letter which run thus:

"SIR GEORGE,

"The ſuddenneſs of your departure from Lady Ann B's, prevented an explanation which ſeems to be neceſſary between that lady and you. It ſeems, from what eſcaped her, you have taken pains to gain her affections, only to give an eclat to your vanity. This, however common, is not the part of a man of honour; and if true, you muſt anſwer it to me. Gratitude demands that I ſhould not tamely ſuffer Lady Ann to be injured or inſulted: I hope you will wait upon her, and ſave me the infinite pain of meeting you as an enemy,

"Your moſt obedient,

"W. HARCOURT."

Let

Let us ſee now the nature of the point of honour, the preſent governing principle of the nobility and gentry of Europe. Sir George knew well that Captain Harcourt was ſeduced into error by gratitude, the moſt amiable of human motives. He knew that he had only to ſpeak, and the cloud that obſcured Harcourt's mental diſcernment would be diſpelled. But the point of honour would not permit him to ſpeak. The pride, by which this point of honour is ſupported, could not ſtoop for a moment to a ſenſe of juſtice, though death and horror might be the reſult of an adherence to its dictates. Sir George then anſwered thus:

"You imagine then, Captain Harcourt, that if I am the delinquent you do me the favour to ſuppoſe me, it is by the point of your ſword I am to be compelled to juſtice. Be pleaſed to know that I acknowledge neither the delinquency, nor your right to puniſh it; and if you chuſe to prefer your

Quixotiſm to friendſhip, I am, extremely at your ſervice.

" Your very humble ſervant,

" G. PARADYNE."

The conſequence of this retort courteous, was a meeting at the next day's dawn.

It is probable, not one of my fair readers was ever preſent at a duel; I beg leave to introduce them to the ceremony. They may imagine, that when two people meet to kill each other, if there is truth in Lavater, then is the time to read in their faces the purpoſes of their hearts. My fair readers forget that it is a point of good manners, and therefore capable of the higheſt politeneſs.

When Sir George, accompanied by John Lake Fielding, Eſq. and Captain Harcourt, by a brother officer, entered the field of honour, the action was begun, like the battle of Fontenoy, by taking off their hats to each other. They then advanced, in order to ſhake each other by the hand. The ſeconds inquired whether the affair was of a nature

not

not to be terminated but by proceeding to the laſt extremities. The captain ſaid that Sir George knew well what was expected from him, which if he did not chuſe to comply with, it was he who choſe the conſequence. Sir George replied, that the Captain had called him into the field upon a very frivolous motive, and, as it appeared to him, upon a very impertinent one; it lay with him therefore to retract and apologize, which, if he did not chuſe, it was he who choſe the conſequence."

The point of honour being thus ſettled, the piſtols were giving up to the ſeconds, and each loaded under the other's inſpection. Twelve being the number of the holy apoſtles, twelve yards were meaſured for the diſtance. Each took his ſtation; and once more ſaluted each other with their hats, waited the determination of the ſeconds, whoſe ſhould be the firſt fire. The lot fell upon the captain; who fired. Sir George returned it. The ſeconds then inquired of the firſts, if either were wounded; which being

anſwered in the negative, if either were diſpoſed to recede, and this being negatived alſo, the captain fired again, and the piſtol fell from Sir George's hand. On inquiry, the ball was found to have lodged in the fleſhy part of Sir George's right arm; and rendered him unable to return the fire. Thus the lady was avenged; honour was ſatisfied; and nothing remained to be done by the combatants, but to pay the proper compliments on each other's valour.

The ball was eaſily extracted, and the wound of little conſequence. The ſurgeon required only four days for a cure. So, Lady Mary being out, Sir George ſent for Lindſay to dine with him, and they ſpent the evening very uſefully, in moralizing upon the various follies of mankind.

A morning paper of the next day announced to the world the dreadful encounter of the day before, and without attempting to aſſign the cauſe;—a marvellous modeſty. It happened to be one of the papers with which Lady Mary amuſed herſelf. She ſaw it, and inquiring

inquiring if Sir George was at home, had the goodneſs, even before breakfaſt, to go up to his apartment. It might have been expected, that maternal fondneſs would have led her to inquire into the nature and danger of Sir George's wound. But maternal fondneſs, in Lady Mary, ſeldom operated this way. "My dear Sir George," ſaid ſhe, "you will certainly drive me one day to diſtraction. How could you hazard your precious life, when you knew mine was involved in it? And that you had no right. No," —continued ſhe—"you are God's creature and mine; and you are accountable to both of us for the life we gave you. What was the cauſe, pray, of this undutiful and unrighteous preſumption? — Some wench, I ſuppoſe."

Sir George anſwered, "That gentlemen made it a rule never to talk about theſe things when they were over."

Lady Mary conſidered this anſwer as flat rebellion; and her tender acrimony exceeded all reaſonable bounds. But ſhe had more

cauſes

cauſes than one for this redundancy of bile. Fortune had been uncomplaiſant the evening before; and it came into her mind, that this preſumptious affair would poſtpone Sir George's intention of leaving town; and, conſequently, her ſole and undivided authority.

Notwithſtanding Sir George's dutiful prayers to heaven, he could not obtain from it a patience——without bounds. He replied, with too little conſideration, "Since, madam, I am never to experience any part of the maternal character, but its harſhneſs and its diſcord, I know not what obligation nature or ſociety impoſes on me to endure it. Nor can I endure it. You have giving me ſo many convincing proofs that I am totally diſagreeable to you, that I think it muſt be obliging you, to withdraw from your preſence, perhaps, for ever. Nor will you wonder, that, after ſuch provocation, I uſe the power the laws have given me, and apply the patrimony of my anceſtors to my own uſe."

So ſaying, Sir George with his handkerchief at his eyes, withdrew to his library.

There was not, perhaps, in all the materia medica, one article which could have ſo ſoon alleviated Lady Mary's complaint, as the laſt clauſe in Sir George's ſpeech. Her pride, however, was ſtill too great to admit the proper application; ſo ſhe ordered the chariot, and was conveyed to Lord Auſchamp's.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE poſt-coach was at the door, ready to convey Sir George, Mr. Lindſay, and the ſurgeon, to Dennington; when Captain Harcourt, pale and trembling with agitation, made his way to the room where Sir George was

was giving the laſt orders to old Cartwright, his ſteward. Him the Captain regarded not; and ſeeming, without being able to ſpeak, about to throw himſelf at Sir George's feet. "If I am any way the cauſe of this perturbation, Captain Harcourt," ſaid Sir George, "be pacified. Aſſure yourſelf I have no reſentment againſt you."

"I ought to have the more againſt myſelf," Harcourt replied; "and indeed I have ample cauſe. I have been the dupe of a ſilly woman: I have raiſed my arm to kill the only human being who has a ſuperior claim to my eſteem and reverence: The man, whoſe ſilent unoſtentatious benevolence ought to have bound me to him for ever. It was to you then, Sir George, not to Lady Ann, I was indebted for my commiſſion. In one thing only unkind,—in ſuffering my gratitude to take a wrong and unworthy direction. Yes, —even when I returned yeſterday to give her an account of my ſhameful triumph, even then ſhe did not undeceive me. It was to Major Metcalf I owe the knowledge of my bene-

benefactor. He aſked me, an hour ago, if Sir George Paradyne had raviſhed my mother? It muſt be that, ſays he, or ſomething as atrocious, that could make you raiſe your arm againſt the man from whom, two days ſince, you accepted a commiſſion.—Heavens! Major!—what mean you? I aſked. It is to Lady Ann Brixworth, my relation, I am indebted for this obligation."

"I know nothing of the matter," ſaid the Major, "but that it was obtained by Sir George Paradyne's intereſt, his application, and his money. If Lady Ann pays him again, that, in part leſſens the obligation."

"I flew to Lady Ann. I found ſhe knew not a ſyllable of the commiſſion. I could not reſtrain my anger. I reproached her in in terms ſuited to the ſenſe I had of her art, her malevolence, and duplicity. She ſmiled with all the calm malignity——of a woman,—and ſaid, ſhe had no ſervice for ſuch fools as myſelf, but to rid her of other fools, when ſhe was weary of them."

"Ladies,"

"Ladies,"—ſaid the ſmiling Sir George, —"have no weapons of offence but their tongues and their nails; and you may think yourſelf happy, Harcourt, in having excited only the former."

The captain railed at the dear ſex outrageouſly, and was beginning after the manner of Caſtalio, to enumerate all the evils they had brought upon unhappy man; but Sir George, who loved the ſweet kind, and did not believe them capable of any thing but a little innocent miſchief for love's ſake, found means to ſtop, to ſooth, to conſole, and to diſmiſs him, well ſatisfied, and aſſured of Sir George's friendſhip.

Lady Mary, with all poſſible expedition, only called in upon four of her moſt intimate friends, juſt to complain that ſhe was the moſt miſerable of mothers, haſtened to Lord Auſchamp's, and poured a flood of diſconſolation into his fraternal boſom. But what was Lady Mary ſurpriſe and indignation, when Lord Auſchamp told her, though in the moſt polite terms, that it was ſhe herſelf who was

to

to blame.—For his part,—except in the affair of the boroughs—he had found his nephew a well inſtructed and well diſpoſed young man. However he would as ſoon as he had diſpatched a very momentous concern, which could not wait, he would attend her back, and ſee what could be done. When they arrived in Groſvenor-ſquare, Sir George was gone.

This was a cruel precipitation. So prodigiouſly did it effect Lady Mary's nerves, that ſhe once determined not to be preſent at the Counteſs of C's rout that night. This reſolution ſhe wiſely altered; and fortune, in the forms of kings and aces, condeſcended to give her ample conſolation. Lord Auſchamp wrote to Dennington, and the placable Sir George yielded to permit his mother the uſe of his town and country houſe; with the addition of 3000l. per annum, to her jointure: a negociation which gave Lady Mary almoſt entire ſatisfaction.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

MR. James Paradyne was gone to a celebrated hunt in a neighbouring county; the country was dull; it wanted a month before travelling on the continent could be pleaſant; and Sir George was unhappy without knowing why.—Mr. Lindſay, who thought he did know why, propoſed a tour, the object of which ſhould be to inſpect his own country's arts and manufactures, its agriculture, and its commerce. Sir George embraced the propoſal with alacrity; and they ſet out. A decent volume might be added to theſe, invaluable memoirs, from the journals of our travellers.

travellers. But—will my fair readers be gratified by it? Since I write ſolely to pleaſe them, I muſt conſult their elegant taſtes; and as the dear ſex has been the ſtudy, as well as the joy of my life, I may be ſuppoſed to know ſomething of them; and I preſume to ſay, that in books,—I do not pretend to extend the obſervations farther,—but in books, —the dear creatures do prefer the dulce to the utile—that they do.

They had proceeded through Yorkſhire into Lancaſhire, and happened to ſtop at a village inn to dine, where a concourſe of villagers were aſſembled round a mountebank's ſtage, and waited for his exhibition. Mr. Andrew amuſed the crowd, as uſual, for half an hour, when the doctor himſelf came forth; a man of moſt venerable appearance; whoſe white beard fell down upon his breaſt; —ſome rolls of linen, deſigned for a Turkiſh turban, adorned his head; and his dreſs bore no reſemblance to any thing our company had hitherto ſeen. He mounted, looked round him with a lofty air, and waved his hand

hand for ſilence, like a man of authority, ſpoke as follows:

" When I inform you, good people, that I come among you, againſt my will; not ſeeking my own good, but your's, you will naturally infer, that I am an impoſtor. It is not in my power to prevent this concluſion; but you make it, the error will be your's; and if you will be deprived of an aſſiſtance, which I am not aſhamed to ſay, is altogether ſupernatural. They are not the trifling ails of the body only, which I am ſent to cure; they are thoſe of the ſoul alſo. It is true, I am a mortal enemy to gout, gravel, and rheumatiſm; to tooth-ache, corns, and chilblains; but I am a ſtill greater enemy to drunkenneſs, to evil ſpeaking, lying and ſlandering, to fornications and adulteries. Who is it amonſt you, that does not break theſe ten commandments. How many of you covet his neighbour's chattles? or his wife, or his daughter, or his maid ſervants? I ſpeak to you all as one corrupt body, breaking amongſt you the whole decalogue. But all your

your offences, jointly and ſeparately, I will ſend back to the devil from whence they come. Yes,—I will cure you of all diſeaſes, corporeal and mental. For particular diſeaſes I have particular remedies. But what I wiſh is to ſtrike at the root of all your diſeaſes; and for this purpoſe, I recommend to you my two univerſal medicines, which you are to have recourſe to when I am gone. See here, two ſmall phials. On this, ſealed with red wax, is inſcribed, body; on this, with black wax, ſoul. Take them and hand them round."

This being done, there was a general murmur,—we ſee nothing in them. "You do not," replied the doctor. "they are eſſential eſſences of eſſences; and not ſubject to the perception of our groſs ſenſes.——Nine drops of the red,—mark me,—nine drops,—taken upon the ninth day of every month, will purify the blood; and you all know that from impure blood proceed all bodily diſeaſes. For the black phial, which contains the proper phyſic of the ſoul, the application is to the

hand for ſilence, like a man of authority, ſpoke as follows:

" When I inform you, good people, that I come among you, againſt my will; not ſeeking my own good, but your's, you will naturally infer, that I am an impoſtor. It is not in my power to prevent this concluſion; but you make it, the error will be your's; and if you will be deprived of an aſſiſtance, which I am not aſhamed to ſay, is altogether ſupernatural. They are not the trifling ails of the body only, which I am ſent to cure; they are thoſe of the ſoul alſo. It is true, I am a mortal enemy to gout, gravel, and rheumatiſm; to tooth-ache, corns, and chilblains; but I am a ſtill greater enemy to drunkenneſs, to evil ſpeaking, lying and ſlandering, to fornications and adulteries. Who is it amonſt you, that does not break theſe ten commandments. How many of you covet his neighbour's chattles? or his wife, or his daughter, or his maid ſervants? I ſpeak to you all as one corrupt body, breaking amongſt you the whole decalogue. But all your

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the brain; for you all know, that from an impure brain all diſeaſes of the ſoul proceed. Theſe I would willingly give you, and will give you, as ſoon as I have compleated my Catholicon, which is to enable me to live my appointed time without food. At preſent I eat you all know, that to eat requires money. The intrinſic value of theſe phials cannot be eſtimated; but take them at what you pleaſe. Let thoſe who can afford it give me a ſhilling; thoſe who cannot ſix-pence."

Here the doctor pauſed, in expectation of the fruit of his rhetoric; but all hands were inactive, probably becauſe no man had the boldneſs to begin firſt. The doctor then ſaid,

"What, is there not amongſt you one wiſe? Not one ſenſible of his mental or coporeal maladies? Not one! How I pity you! So it is. You had rather ſee this gentleman tumble, than hear the words of wiſdom and of ſcience. Tumble then, Mr. Andrew. Tumble into their pockets; into their hearts. Whilſt I go and pray, that truth and common

mon ſenſe may enter there." So ſaying, he deſcended with dignity, and retired into the houſe.

After a few tumbles, Mr. Andrew preſented his cap; telling his audience, that it was his misfortune to eat as well as his maſter; and his rewards were liberally beſtowed in the form of halfpence.

The collection over, the doctor reaſcended, with an awe-inſpiring aſpect. "Oh!" cries he, "the folly and degeneracy of theſe times! It is now two hundred and ninety years and nine, ſince I was upon this ſpot before. They wanted no tumbling then. The holy monks came out of that monaſtery, now in ruins; bought up all my phials, and ſold them again to their to their penitents, at a profit of a thouſand fold. Well! keep,—ſince you are ſo fond of them,—keep your ſins and your diſeaſes. But before I diſmiſs you, to the conſequence of your folly, know who I am. Perhaps you may imagine I was begotten and born amongſt this perverſe generation. No. I ſaw the light in

the 94th Olympiad, the very day that Alexander the Great won the battle of Arbela. You have all heard of Alexander the Great, and of the great Eſculapius. I am the ſeventh ſon of the ſeventh ſon of the ninth daughter of Eſculapius. For ſome ſins of my youth, I am doomed to live till the year 2201; and I muſt expiate my offences by an aſſiduous endeavour to cure mankind—of folly. But how can I cure thoſe who reject my medicines? who prefer a ſhilling to wiſdom, and ſix-pence to health."

Sir George, who ſtood at the parlour window, beckoned to his ſervant, who was among the crowd, and gave him ſome orders in a whiſper. Philip went to the doctor, and demanded two phials, for each of which he paid one ſhilling. Nine drops to purify the blood, you ſay?

"Nine,"—anſwered the doctor.

"How,"—aſked Philip—"ſhall I count them."

The doctor turned to the window, with a look moſt piteouſly ſignificant. "Drill," ſays

ſays he, " a hole in the cork with an inviſible needle; invert the phial with your mouth; count nine by a pendulum thirty-nine inches and two-tenths long,—the thing is done."

Philip carried the phials to his maſter; who again ſent him to the doctor to aſk, how his medicines could act if they were not to be perceived? The doctor threw a look of entreaty at the window, and then ſaid, " There might be action without a correſpondent perception, as well as perception without a correſpondent action.—Young man approach. You ſee this ring; take it. Are you ſatisfied it is a ring?" " Yes," anſwered Philip. " Hold your hand," ſays the doctor, " you have the ring in it." " I have," ſays Philip. " Gripe it faſt," ſays the doctor. " I do," ſays the other. The doctor gently touched Philip's hand with a phial, and aſked if he had it ſtill? " Yes," anſwered Philip, " I have," " You have perception then without a correſpondent action. Open your hand." The ring was gone, and

poor Philip had a loud laugh againſt him. He was ſent again by his maſter to ſay, that he deſired to have all his phials at a ſhilling each. The people no ſooner heard the meſſage, than they began to put their hands in their pockets. The barber ſaid to the ſhoemaker, damn all monopolies, Tom. The exciſeman ſwore it was all a damned hum; the butcher, that it was a good take in for cockneys, but would not do in Lancaſhire. So they ſlipped away one after the other, with tolerable expedition.

Sir George, pleaſed with the doctor's dexterity of evaſion, ſent him a preſent of five guineas, and deſired his company to dinner. He accepted both the money and the invitation with great thankfulneſs; and retired to his chamber to diſrobe. When he appeared in the parlour, he preſented to the wondering eyes of Mr. Lindſay, the well known features of a fellow ſtudent at Cambridge, with whom he had ſome degree of intimacy.

Common Gratulations ended, they dined; after which Sir George ſaid, "It is evident, Mr. Jones, that you are a ſcholar and a man of

of ſenſe; I fear we owe the pleaſure of your company here to ſome misfortune.

" Sir George," Mr. Jones replied, " I muſt own that I am not without misfortunes; nor without the follies that deſerve them. I have the misfortune to be poor; to be a welch curate, a poet, and a mountebank, and to be in love."

" Theſe are unfortunate circumſtances, no doubt," ſaid Sir George,—" may we inquire how you came into ſuch a group."

" That I was born to be a poet," ſaid Mr. Jones. " I am afraid no body but myſelf will allow. That I was born to be poor, no body I fear will take the trouble to diſprove; and for love, it lay in my way, and I found it. I am the youngeſt of two ſons and a daughter, of a farmer in Glamorganſhire; and, if if it had pleaſed God, I might have been a credit to the plough.—But I was a genius; ſo ſome ſilly people told my father; and it was pity I ſhould be brought up to farming, which does not require any."

" A moſt extraordinary idea," exclaimed Sir George, " as if the firſt, the moſt im-

portant of all arts, had arrived at its ultimate perfection; or if it was poſſible to apply genius better, than to the improvement of that, by which all conditions of human life ſubſiſt."

"You are undoubtedly right, Sir George," ſaid Mr. Jones. "The notion however ſent me to college, and made my father, aſſiſted by my mother's brother, the grocer of the village, ſtrain hard to ſupport me there. When my education was finiſhed, I returned to my native place, to wait patiently for a living which was promiſed me by Mr. Howel, my father's landlord.

"Whilſt I was leading a life of idleneſs, the devil put it in my head to make verſes, celebrating the majeſty of Juno, the wiſdom of Minerva, and the beauty of Venus, in the perſon of Miſs Higgins, daughter of the ſhoemaker of our village. I did not indeed think her a goddeſs; but I thought that in old poetic times, goddeſſes had been made of as bad matter. We loved each other very poetically, and very platonically too, till my father

father forbad the connexion. Love then, became an invinſible paſſion, capable of breaking down all the barriers of prudence; and we agreed to ſteel away together, and get married; then return and pray forgiveneſs.——An accident prevented this. Mr. Howel, my patron that was to be, died; a very honeſt man; who would indeed get ſuddled ſometimes, but never broke his word. His ſon and ſucceſſor, was a man of nice honour; well known in the great world, and a ſlave to his word alſo, except his memory failed him, or except in caſes of expediency.

" This young gentleman was at my father's a fortnight, in order to inſpect his eſtate; for all around was his. He took a liking to us, for my ſiſter was rather a pretty girl, though a little ſhy; and very readily declared his intention to fulfil the promiſe of his father, when the incumbent died; an event which had been long expected; for the preſent rector was old and dropſical. He was very much my friend, and took a taſte to my poetry; which he ſaid was quite claſſical and ingenious; and he de-

ſired to ſee my goddeſs. Now Miſs Higgins was really prettier than my ſiſter, and much gayer, and better acquainted with the polite ſort of things; ſo that ſhe did not run away, and hide herſelf at the approach of Mr. Howel, which my ſimple ſiſter had often done.

" When this dear friend took leave of us, he ſhook me by the hand with exceſſive cordiality, and ſaid, " Jones, remember, whenever you want, you have a friend in Tom Howel." I wept with affection.

Three days had elapſed ſince his departure, and I began to think, that with the friendſhip of ſo great a man, I might wed my dear Molly, with a certainty of being forgiven. I had ſettled the particulars in my mind, and was going to communicate them to her, when my ſiſter ſaid, Lord, brother, can it be true, what people ſay, that Molly Higgins is gone off after Mr. Howel.

" I believe, gentlemen, it will be no particular entertainment to you, to hear related the well laid ſtratagems and bold manœuvres which brought this matter to bear, nor the deſpair

deſpair which a novice in the world, like myſelf, muſt feel, from the double treachery of love and friendſhip. I got a fever by it, which kept me lingering betwixt life and death, about four months, I was beginning to recover when news came of the rector's death, whoſe ſucceſſor I was to be. The cuſtom is, I believe, to gallop to the patron on ſuch an occaſion, and lick his feet. But I was too ill to gallop, too ſulky to write, and two reſentful to admit that I ought to accept favours from ſuch a man. My brother thought I was a fool, and beſides, began to be afraid I might lie upon his hands very much to his detriment. So he undertook, unknown to me, the part of ſolicitation. Mr. Howel was then in Wales, and received him graciouſly. He declared himſelf perfectly willing and deſirous to beſtow the living upon me; but it muſt be upon condition that I married Polly Higgins. I was honourably engaged to her, he ſaid, and he hoped that the circumſtance of her having been his houſekeeper a few months, would make no

alteration in my affection. Such things were not regarded now a-days. He would be very kind to me, and would take upon himſelf to furniſh the parſonage houſe from the attic ſtory to the cellar, reſerving one room for his own uſe in the ſhooting ſeaſon.

" Over and above all theſe good words, my brother had plenty of good ale; ſo he rode merrily home to communicate to me the fine diſpoſition of goodneſs which Mr. Howel had unto me. I, unhappily did not ſee with my brother's eyes, and peremptorily rejected the propoſal; ſo betwixt him and me there was ſtrife. At length I reſolved to ſeek my fortune; and having obtained ten pounds of my father, I ſet out to London with two dozen of ſermons, and ſome ſonnets and elegies. I ſought a purchaſer amongſt the bookſellers, but found none. At length I found a cuſtomer in a young divine, well born and indolent, who had acquired habits of ſpending his time more to his taſte than in his ſtudy. By degrees too, I got employment among the magazine and newſpaper editors;

editors; ſo that ſometimes I might get as far as a guinea a week; ſometimes a crown. When my pockets were empty, I dived for a dinner; when full, I indulged in a beef ſteak. I choſe to climb for my lodging, becauſe the air in the upper regions is more ſalubrious to gentlemen who follow the muſes. Thus I lived in London ſeven years. About this time, at my leiſure hours, I ventured to write two ſmall volumes in the novel way, which produced me ſix pounds. A whim now took me, ſince I was rich and could ſo well afford it, to go out and ſee the world; and for my firſt excurſion I fixed upon the county of Kent, but my progreſs was ſtopt at Maidſtone. Paſſing by the priſon there, a voice called me by my name; it came from a pale viſage, looking through a grate, and proved to be that of John Higgins, my ſchool-fellow and play-fellow, in my native village; and moreover, the brother of my once dear Molly. Though I had lived ſo long in London, and had ſeen a great deal of miſery, my heart was not hardened. I got admittance to my old

friend, relieved his wants, and heard his ſtory. John had left his father's houſe, to improve himſelf in the art of ſhoe-making. John got more money than he well knew what to do with; however he ſoon found thoſe who taught him. John learned to drink and to be idle; and at laſt liked rather to live by his wits than by his laſt. Amongſt other arts, John learned ſlight of hand; I don't mean picking of pockets in the way of Mr. Barrington, but of Mr. Breſlaw. At length John ſet up trade with a mountebank, and followed it two or three years with variable ſucceſs; but becoming ſuſpected of doing ſome things which ought not to be done, John and his maſter were thrown into Maidſtone goal, were the latter died.

" It wanted but few days to the ſummer aſſizes; ſo I comforted John as well as I could, and prayed by him; for, being in orders, I ſtill conſidered myſelf as a clergyman, though I had no cure. The evidence againſt John, at his trial, was only preſumptive; and the judge, not being in the humour

to

to admit it, directed the jury to find for the priſoner; and John was acquitted. After this, he had nothing to do, but to pay his fees, for which my money was of ſignal uſe.

" I had preached ſo much to John about the happineſs of living an orderly and virtuous life, and John had ſuffered ſo much in priſon, that I eaſily perſuaded him to go down to our village, and ſettle at his buſineſs; and I engaged him, when there, to give me an account of my family, of whom I had heard nothing for ſome years. This is John's firſt letter, which I keep about me for my own edification.

" Reverande Sur and dear frend I was received here by father and mother like unto the prodigale ſun for god help my poor father he is looſing all buſneſs for want o' knowing how to do it in the jimmy way. As to ſiſter Mary why ſhe han't been hard of ſome yeres having left Squire Houels ſarvice and gon I cant tell whear. Im ſorry to tel you that youre father and mother was tornd out of theire farm the nexte yeare after you wud not

here o' having ſiſter Mary—which to be ſhure of a woiſe man was but ſimpluſh—for you meet ha been parſon o' Cloig, and Im ſure molly ware not mich worſe for ware at that there time thof god knows how ſhe may ha bin haggd and har uſsd ſin And meſter Panut lets youre father twenty acres o' paſture land and he keeps too or three milchers, and youre ſiſter Hannah dos al the work both at hom and abrode and for all her induſtre theyre pore enugh God helpe em Now I underſtand the parſon o' Ruon wants a coorate and purpuſes to give twenty pouds a yare which is worth fifty at London and healthfuller for both body and ſole. So if you like wroite me wurd next poſt as I may go ax for it being all at preſent,

" from youre frend til deth

" JOHN HIGGINS.

" Poſecrip Youre brother drank ſo hard when Squer Hovel was ſo out o' the way as it kild him.——Father and mother longen to ſe you."

" I muſt

" I muſt own that I am not fit for a hero, for on the receipt of John's letter I ſat down and cried like any woman. I wrote back inſtantly to ſecure the curacy, and ſtaying one week only to ſettle with my maſters the bookſellers, and ſell up ſtock. I ſet out for my native village, and had the ſatisfaction to find my father, mother, and ſiſter well, though poor; and more affectionate than I had dared to hope. I obtained the curacy, which being a ſmall pariſh, only three miles off, it gave me an opportunity to live with them. You may be ſure we are not in the ſplendid ſtile; and indeed we wanted ſo many of the com-com conveniences of life, that I became deſirous of getting a penny ſome other way. In order to be uſeful to my pariſhioners I ſtudied practical phyſic, or rather ſurgery, and got together many good receipts for ſimple ailments. Into complicated diſeaſes I never ventured; for I choſe not to play with the life of any man. A little preſent of butter or eggs ſufficed for my payment.

" New

"News now came of poor Molly Higgins. She had taken refuge in the Magdalen; and wrote home to expreſs her penitence, and deſire of returning to a life of virtue and induſtry. John was willing; ſo Mary came, and added to our ſorrows and our wants.

"In talking over theſe things together, John remembered his old trade, and knowing how great a doctor I was, for the celebrity of a man who works for nothing is pretty ſure to be greater than his merit, propoſed that we ſhould, in proper diſguiſes, make excurſions as large as a week would permit; which he aſſured me he knew how to make profitable, by only ſelling at a fair apothecary's price, thoſe common things which I was in the habit of making up. After many perſuaſions I ventured; and upon the whole have met with tolerable ſucceſs."

"You are the firſt of your profeſſion," ſaid Sir George, "who has attempted to ſell nothing in the ſhape of nothing; how came ſuch a thought to ſtrike you?"

"By

"By mere accident," anſwered Jones. "At a late viſitation, ſome of my brethren were talking of the exceſſive credulity of of mankind; and inſtanced the well known ſtory of the man propoſing to get into a quart bottle at the Hay-market. Others affirmed it was curioſity, not credulity, which brought that concourſe together. I had a mind to try how far I could practiſe upon one or both theſe qualities. You have ſpoiled my experiment, Sir George, but have not certainly diminiſhed my profits. For the future, however, I believe I ſhall not venture to ſoar into the region of metaphiſics."

"But what," ſaid Sir George, "would your biſhop ſay, if he knew this trade of yours?"

"I hope," replied Jones, "he would connive at it, as he does at ſelling a pot of ale, or fiddling at wakes and merriments; which ſundry of my brethren muſt do or ſtarve."

"Well," ſaid Sir George, "ſhould you leave it off think you, if your ſalary was doubbled? Or do you make more of it? Or do you find pleaſure in it as well as profit?"

"Not

" Not pleaſure, certainly, for I always enter upon it with reluctrnce; and as to profit, if we have 10l. each at the year's end, we call it a good year."

" This being ſo," ſaid Sir George, " do me the favour to accept this 20l. bank note. You are an ingenious man, and deſerve better fortune than you have found. I hope it may one day be in my power to place you better. Till then I will cauſe this ſum to be paid you yearly; and five more to your partner, provided he will engage to ſtick by his trade, and leave off tumbling. I muſt confeſs, though I can excuſe it on the ſcore of neceſſity, I think your profeſſion and your trade agree very ill together."

" I allow it," ſaid Jones; " and I accept your bounty with great gratitude, and no reluctance; and will ſo act in future, that it ſhall not be ſaid you have beſtowed it upon a baſe and unworthy object."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

A Scene of a far different kind was preparing for Sir George at Birmingham, a place ſcarely more diſtinguiſhed for uſeful and ornamental manufacture, than for gentlemen who excel in natural philoſophy, in mechanics, and in chemiſtry. One of theſe has a manufactory at a ſmall diſtance from the town, ſcarce better known in England, than in France and Italy, Holland, Germany, and Ruſſia, or wherever commerce has diſplayed the Britiſh flag. In the exhibition room here, Sir George Paradyne's eye was caught by ſome ornamental toys, finiſhed in a taſte ſuperior

perior to the reſt. Some paintings upon certain of theſe arreſted his view. He thought he ſaw here the repreſentation of objects he had ſomewhere really ſeen. On a more accurate examination, for the objects were in miniature, he recognized a view he had oft' admired,—the ſouth view from Combor church-yard.—Another little landſcape contained the church itſelf, the common, the White Houſe, juſt diſtinguiſhable, and a diſtant view of Southampton.

A ſmall degree of ſickneſs took Sir George on the recognition of theſe objects, and leaning on Lindſay, he went a few minutes into the open air. Mr. Lindſay gueſſed the cauſe; but choſe to leave love to its own operations. Sir George recovered ſoon, and returned into the room with agitated nerves, a quickened pulſe, and an air of aſſuming unconcernedneſs. He reſolved upon a perfect apathy to all fooliſh ſenſations; to aſk queſtions with cool indifference; and was ſurpriſed to find his functions no longer in the power of his will.

Mr. Lind-

Mr. Lindſay ſaw all this, without ſeeming to obſerve; and he took upon himſelf to aſk Sir George's queſtions. "Theſe," ſaid he to the proprietor, "ſeem to be works of ſuperior taſte."

"They are, ſir," the proprietor anſwered; "the paintings in particular; and what is ſomething extraordinary, they are the works of a lady."

"Is it extraordinary then, ſir, that a lady ſhould have taſte and talent?" aſked Mr. Lindſay.

"It is rather extraordinary," anſwered the gentleman, "to find dilettanti performers in any art, ſuperior to profeſſors."

"This lady then," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "paints for amuſement only?"

"I don't ſay that," the proprietor replied; "but it is pretty certain ſhe learned and practiſed the art, for amuſement only, till very lately."

"Is ſhe," Mr. Lindſay aſked, "of a neighbouring family?"

"No,"

"No,"—anſwered the proprietor; "ſhe is of Southampton. Her father was a merchant, and is lately dead. Her name is Colerain."

"I think," ſays Lindſay, "I knew a lady of that name there; but ſhe was young."

"Miſs Colerain," anſwered the proprietor, "is young alſo, and moſt accompliſhed."

"Then ſhe has many admirers no doubt?" ſaid Sir George, with a tremulous voice.

"All who know her," anſwered the proprietor;—"but theſe are few. She ſhuns acquaintance. She has indeed honoured my table with her company twice; when I have been favoured with the company of Dr. Prieſtly; with that of Mr. Keir, the well-known tranſlator and elucidator of Macquer's Chemiſtry; or the celebrated author of the botanic garden, to whom all arts and all ſciences have obligation. But without ſome ſuch inducement, ſhe never ſtirs abroad; and has, I believe, never yet admitted a viſitor, male or female."

"If ſhe had a lover, "ſaid Sir George, "he might apprehend no contemptible rival in you, ſir."

"If

"If I were young and a batchelor," returned the other, "I would contend for her, as pro aris et focis. But I am old and married; and beſides, think leſs of the force of love, than of the force of ſteam."

"Does ſhe live near you?" aſked Sir George.

"In that houſe," anſwered the proprietor, pointing to a neat building upon the common.

"Alone?" aſked Sir George.

"No, ſir," the proprietor replied. "The houſe was taken by a young perſon in the mantua-making line; ſhe had a ſiſter, many years Miſs Colerain's maid, before the death of her father, and whilſt ſhe was high in affluence. The ſiſters have aſſociated; and Miſs Colerain has choſen to be with them, and to purſue her favourite art for ſubſiſtence, rather than to be a dependant upon any proud relation or rich acquaintance."

"Sir George rewarded the courteſy of the maſter of the works, by a purchaſe of all thoſe toys which had received the embelliſh-

ing

ing hand of Miſs Colerain; and he ordered them to be ſent to Miſs Carlill, to whom he wrote his deſire that they might be depoſited at Combor White Houſe.

This done, he returned to Birmingham.

CHAP. XXVI.

UPON the road, Sir George gave himſelf up wholly to the pleaſures of ſilence and ſighs. Not a ſingle obſervation eſcaped him. Other works were to be viſited. Sir George found he had ſeen enough, and requeſted Mr. Lindſay to go alone. This gentleman began as uſual to reaſon. Sir George could not

not reaſon; he could only feel. All the anſwer he made to a moſt excellent diſcourſe, was, that infinitely beyond all compariſon, Miſs Colerain had the greateſt combination of talents to pleaſe, that ever he ſaw in woman. "She plays," ſaid Sir George, as well as ſhe paints. How beautiful are all her movements! I dare ſay ſhe is the beſt dancer in England."

"I don't diſpute the truth of your obſervation," ſaid Lindſay; "but it is rather out of place. We were not talking of Miſs Colerain."

"No!"—ſays Sir George,—"Of who then?" Lindſay laughed. "I was thinking of her however," continued Sir George.

"So it ſeems," replied the other.

"Dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "have you no feeling?"

"I feel hunger ſenſibly at this very inſtant," anſwered Lindſay.

"Dine then," replied the baronet. "Feaſt thy ſenſual appetites. I feed upon memory. —But Lindſay!"

"Sir George!"

"I muſt ſee Miſs Colerain."

"No reaſoning againſt a Muſt.—But to what purpoſe?"

"To tell her I adore her."

"Have not you already told her ſo?"

"Never.—My damned pride, and your wiſe argumentations prevented me. I feel that I grow wiſer. I feel that Miſs Colerain is better than philoſophy; and that it is folly to refuſe happineſs in any ſhape."

"You would marry then?"

"Yes. — To-morrow. — To-day. She ſhall travel with us Lindſay. By heaven! We ſhall learn more, rather than leſs, by ſuch a companion. We will teach her Euclid and Ariſtotle; and ſhe will teach us the humanities and the felicities. I will go this inſtant."

"You will then," ſaid Lindſay, "give Miſs Colerain an irrefragable proof of love—of love that diſregards the dull forms of common politeneſs. But for this, I would rather adviſe you to ſend a ſervant with compliments, requeſting leave to wait upon her to tea."

As

As ſoon as Sir George could be made to perceive the reaſonableneſs of this propoſal, he aſſented to it. Miſs Colerain returned for anſwer, that though unaccuſtomed to viſits of any kind, ſhe could not reconcile herſelf to a failure of reſpect to Sir George Paradyne, to whom ſhe ſhould always own great obligations.

The ſecond ſtory of the houſe, was wholly appropriated to Miſs Colerain. She received Sir George in her ſitting apartment, where every thing had the air of ſimple neatneſs, and moſt of all, herſelf.

Neither eaſe nor grace, thoſe moſt conſpicuous qualities in our modern heroes or heroines, whoſe manners are upon record in every circulating library, were at the inſtant of meeting, conſpicuous in Sir George Paradyne or in Miſs Colerain. Nor is the converſation, as here recorded, perfectly exact, except as to its true ſenſe and meaning. The real expreſſion I believe was what the critics would call mutilated; or not claſſical, or not grammatical; perhaps they will ſay ſo of this;

but I will appeal to my peereſſes; and if they acquit me, I am content to be hanged in effigy, in all the major and minor reviews of Great Britain.

Upon the road from Birmingham, Sir George had thought of nothing but the pleaſure he was going to give and to receive; for having obtained a ſolid victory over his pride, and diminiſhed, if not annihilated the oppoſition of Mr. Lindſay, it never occurred to him that any other difficulties remained. He ſuppoſed indeed that Miſs Colerain would endeavour to conceal her joy; but thought that her lovely eyes would betray the ſilent rapture.

When after the firſt ceremonies therefore, Sir George haſtened into the midſt of things, and with all the impetuoſity of a lover, and confidence of ſucceſs, he had declared he came to throw himſelf and fortune at her feet; he was ſurpriſed to find no exterior ſymptoms of emotion; no emanation from Miſs Colerain's eyes that denoted even that the propoſition was agreeable to her. She gave however

ever, no interruption to his ebullitions; but permitted him to ſay quietly, what he thought proper. When he ſeemed to pauſe, expecting her anſwer, ſhe ſaid with a ſweet, though ſerious ſimplicity, "I thank you, Sir George; but it is too late."

Sir George ſtarted from his chair, as if an aſp had bit him. "Too late!" cried he, as he ſtrode about her apartment. "Good heavens! too late! And have you then, Miſs Colerain, been in ſuch haſte to forget me! In ſuch haſte to form engagements! What a lot is mine! When I had determined to diſregard the remonſtrances of my relations, the advice of friends, and to brave the contempt of my equals, I am informed it is too late." Too late! repeated Sir George, once a minute.

When he had ſufficiently wearied himſelf, he ſat down; and ventured to take a look at Miſs Colerain, and ſeeing that young lady all calm, neither ruffled by his reproaches, nor moved by his complaints; he cried,— "Cruel, cruel Miſs Colerain! What, not deign to pity the wretchedneſs you create!"

"I am much at a loſs to know how the very few words I have ſaid, could have raiſed this paſſion," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "which I hope is the ſole creator of the wretchedneſs of which you, Sir George, complain."

"What!" anſwered Sir George,—"did not tell me you were engaged? Can you then wonder?"

"I might wonder;" Miſs Colerain replied, "although I had ſaid I was engaged——which indeed I have not."

"Bleſſed be the lips," ſaid Sir George, "that have given me this ray of hope. What then might be the meaning of thoſe terrible words,—it is too late."

"Simply," anſwered Miſs Colerain, "that I have reſolved at preſent to liſten to no overtures of the kind you mention."

"But," ſaid Sir George, "the words too late imply, do they not, that there was a time, when I might have pleaded this cauſe with ſome hopes of ſucceſs."

"There was," replied Miſs Colerain; "I owe Sir George Paradyne too much reſpect

pect, to amuſe him with any thing which would deſerve the names of feigned reſerve, or female caprice."

"When! dear Miſs Colerain, you intereſt and alarm me," ſaid Sir George.

"When your benevolent and kind attentions had gained upon a grateful heart, which felt, but could not reſiſt its weakneſs," replied Miſs Colerain.

"Have I then loſt that heart?" aſked Sir George.

"I have undoubtedly changed my ſentiments," anſwered Miſs Colerain.

"Oh why?" Sir George aſked.

"Merely," Miſs Colerain replied, "becauſe they were not reciprocal."

"Certainly they were reciprocal, my dear Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George.

"That was a ſecret," replied Miſs Colerain, ſmiling, "you did not chuſe to entruſt me with. But to be perfectly frank and explicit, I did ſee, or thought I ſaw, in you a growing affection. I eaſily comprehended your ſtruggles againſt it, and your motives. I held

myſelf ready to aſſiſt thoſe ſtruggles and enforce thoſe motives—againſt myſelf—had you rendered it neceſſary: You conquered without my aſſiſtance."

"You reproach me, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George.

"Indeed I do not," anſwered Miſs Colerain. "Your ſentiments were proper for your rank and quality. There was not any thing wrong *in them*; and certainly you had a right to diſpoſe of your affections how you pleaſed."

"Alas!" ſaid Sir George, "they were no longer in my own power. But my dear Miſs Colerain, you laid an emphaſis upon the words *in them*; and if to intimate, that though theſe were right, there were others wrong."

"I alluded to our laſt converſation," Miſs Colerain replied; "it appeared probable from thence, that you had improved upon that claſs of ſentiments which I thought became your rank; and advanced into the more free and faſhionable mode of thinking."

"I hope

"I hope," ſaid Sir George, "you accuſe me wrongfully. I hope I did not ſay any thing which could juſtly alarm your honour or delicacy."

"Perhaps not," Miſs Colerain replied; "but it ſeemed ſuch a prelude as a libertine might have employed, who had formed deſigns which he did not chuſe at once to avow."

"Whatſoever it was," ſaid Sir George, "if it offended you, Miſs Colerain, I aſk your pardon, and entreat you to forget it."

"I have no deſire," Miſs Colerain anſwered, "to remember any thing to the prejudice of Sir George Paradyne."

"I hope then," ſaid Sir George, "you will retract your heart-chilling negative, and ſay no more, it is too late."

"That," Miſs Colerain replied. "I cannot do."

"If," ſaid Sir George, "I once poſſeſſed, or might have poſſeſſed your affections, what have I ſince done to forfeit this bleſſing, more than you have now forgiven?"

"You are above me, Sir George," ſaid Miſs Colerain. "You have felt your ſuperiority. You have ſtruggled againſt it, and believe you have conquered. You have taken the generous reſolution in my favour, to diſregard relations, friends, and the contempt of the world. I ought, according to the opinions current in ſociety, to be exceſſively obliged, and to repay his condeſcenſion with an uncommon portion of gratitude. But I really want humility. I am too proud to be exceſſively obliged. If I marry—a moſt improbable circumſtance—it will not be to bring diſſentions into a family, nor to procure my huſband contempt. It will not be to a mind, which balancing good and evil, will not throw money into either ſcale. It will be to a man who poſſeſſes my unbounded eſteem; whoſe general conduct and purſuits deſerve the applauſe of the wiſe and good."

"Good heavens! Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "how many reproaches do you make me!"

"I have

"I have no ſuch preſumption," Miſs Colerain replied.

"Be candid, madam," ſaid Sir George; "do not your laſt words imply a cenſure on my conduct?"

"Certainly not," Miſs Colerain anſwered. "We may prefer one ſeries of ſentiment, or one ſeries of action to another, without implying cenſure."

"This will not do, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "you are not candid now. Something you certainly diſlike."

"I keep no ſpies upon your conduct, Sir George," anſwered Miſs Colerain. "Miſs Carlill mentions you ſometimes in her letters.

"But not with approbation," ſaid Sir George.

"Not always," replied Miſs Colerain. "It is with pleaſure I hear you retain your goodneſs of heart; but as I ſincerely wiſh your higheſt felicity, it is not with pleaſure I hear of your entering with ſpirit into the——— I know not what to call them———diſſipations, I believe of the town; you would have laughed

laughed if I had ſaid its gallantries. There are however, who tolerate this ſpecies of gallantry, who think gaming a ſerious evil."

"Gaming! Miſs Colerein," ſaid Sir George, amazed.

"I beg you will excuſe my impertinence," continued Miſs Colerain; "indeed I could not ſpeak to you thus improperly, if—if—though certain to be nothing more to Sir George Paradyne, than I now am—" Miſs Colerain's voice failed her; her eyes were ſuffuſed with tears. So, on ſeeing them, were Sir George's. He took her hand, and ſaid, with trembling tenderneſs, "Is it for me and my errors you weep, Miſs Colerain?" She did not anſwer. "No—do not weep," reſumed Sir George. "Though your tears do me honour, they afflict me. If I am not now,—accept my devoted heart—and I will be what you wiſh." On this ſubject Sir George became eloquent, inſinuating, and almoſt irreſiſtible. It was for Miſs Colerain a trying moment. She recollected, however, that ſhe had reſolved, under the calm influence of

of reaſon; would ſhe loſe its advantages by the ſoftneſs of a moment? And this recollection was deciſive.

"No, Sir George," ſaid ſhe, withdrawing her hand; "no—I entreat I may be no more importuned upon this ſubject—as diſtreſſing to me as unavailing to you."

"Cruel, inflexible Miſs Colerain!" cried Sir George. You dare not then truſt your happineſs in my hand. You dare not confide in my promiſe to be all you deſire."

"Indeed, Sir George," Miſs Colerain replied, "I am too young for a preceptreſs; and you are young. It is from experience in the great ſchool of the world you muſt learn what is wanting—if any thing is wanting—to compleat the character of a gentleman. You are going abroad."

"From whence have you this intelligence?" Sir George aſked.

"Once," replied Miſs Colerain, "I had it from yourſelf. Miſs Carlill alſo has lately mentioned it."

"I fear,"

"I fear," ſaid Sir George, "I am not obliged to Miſs Carlill. It is ſhe who learns and communicates my little errors, I ſuppoſe, in form of anecdote."

"You would not wiſh to do good and great things unnoticed," ſaid Miſs Colerain; "and cannot expect ſo to do thoſe that are not good or great."

"I own, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "that I have not ſpent all my time to the beſt purpoſes; but I know not that I have done any thing worthy of ſevere reproof."

"No," replied Miſs Colerain, ſmiling; "no—as times go. I, however, wiſh, and muſt always wiſh your character unſtained; and that you might never deviate into actions which can only plead the pitiful excuſe of being faſhionable. Such is gaming. Such are duels. Can duelling be honourable? Can faſhion ſanctify it? And is it compatible to fight for Lady Ann Brixworth to-day; and offer your devoted heart to Miſs Colerain to-morrow?"

"My

"My fair and ſevere reprover," ſaid Sir George; "you have erroneous information. I fought not for Lady Ann Brixworth, nor was ſhe to me more than an acquaintance."

"An intimate one no doubt," Miſs Colerain anſwered, laughing; or the newſpapers would not have given you to her in marriage.

"Did you believe them?" aſked Sir George.

"I am not," returned Miſs Colerain, "much accuſtomed to confide in them; but I had no particular reaſon to doubt their intelligence here."

"Upon my honour, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "I never gave any cauſe for ſuch a report, but that of frequenting Lady Ann's houſe."

"That," returned Miſs Colerain, muſt have a cauſe. But I beg this kind of diſcourſe may finiſh. I bluſh to have been guilty of ſo much impertinence."

Sir George made another effort to conquer Miſs Colerain's prejudices; but in vain. It

was time to depart. He begged permiſſion to renew his viſits. She anſwered, "That as ſhe had reſolutely declined receiving any viſits whatever, his would be the more remarked. She had already ſuffered ſo much by her imprudence in that particular, ſhe hoped he would have the goodneſs to excuſe her."

"Let me," ſaid Sir George, "obtain ſomething from you. Let it be permitted me, during my abſence, to have the comfort of knowing you are not expoſed to the caſual calamities of indigence."

"Of that," Miſs Colerain replied, "I have nothing to fear. Induſtry is amuſement. It is even conſolation. I beg pardon, Sir George, but I prefer it to obligation, infinitely."

"May I not hope," Sir George aſked, "a kinder reception when I return?"

"Sir George," replied Miſs Colerain, with quickneſs, "I will neither give nor receive a promiſe."

"Surely,

"Surely, ſurely," ſaid Sir George, "you are cruel to an extreme."

"No," Miſs Colerain anſwered, "I am only juſt. The mind has its revolutions, eſpecially in youth. You may live to thank me, that I did not ſubject you to a future conteſt betwixt your honour and your affection."

"Impoſſible, Miſs Colerain. May I take the the liberty to write?"

"It were better you did not aſk it, Sir George; but be that as you pleaſe."

"And will you anſwer?"

"For that I do not engage."

"I hope on reflection you will think you have been too rigid; I had almoſt ſaid inhuman. But with whatſoever will heaven pleaſes to inſpire you, I muſt endeavour to find ſubmiſſion to it. Adieu, dear Miſs Colerain, (kiſſing her hand,) adieu, Heaven forgive you for your manifold ſins againſt me, and give you penitence and love; and me faith, hope, and patience. Dear Miſs Colerain adieu."

Below

Below, Sir George inquired for Suſanna, and leaving his purſe in her hand, with the ſame effort of good humour with which he had bid adieu to Miſs Colerain, he deſired ſhe would pray for him to her miſtreſs, three times a-day; then ſtepping into the carriage he drove off.

To Mr. Lindſay, after ſupper, he related all which had paſſed; mingling reſentment and ſorrow together, and eagerly endeavouring to drown both the ſenſations in wine.

As to Miſs Colerain——but with the examples of ladies, who, when love has aſſailed their gentle boſoms, have bid him be dumb, and have liſtened to his great antagoniſt Reaſon; I am but little acquainted. I cannot therefore deſcribe their ſenſation. All I know is, that Miſs Colerain ſpent the night in tears; and I hope, there are few of my fair readers, who will not think ſhe was juſtly puniſhed for her obduracy.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.